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BELGIUM.

ABOUT a year and a half ago King LEOPOLD, in opening the Session of the Belgian Chambers, encouraged his subjects by observing that, "Calm and prosperous, the Belgium of 1873 may be proud of the past, and look at the future with serene confidence." The bright hopes of the King have been sadly overshadowed by the painful events of the last fortnight. Even in 1873 it was notorious that the elements of strife were at work, and, among other persons, the King himself was considered too independent and liberal to be the object of clerical favour. At the Antwerp fêtes held in the preceding August, the Ultramontanes had thought fit to be conspicuous by their absence from the demonstration of loyalty to the throne; and, a clerical Ministry being in power, the King had to face the possibility of having to sanction measures which might seriously shake the state of serene confidence that he found so cheering. Last year, however, the result of the elections held in June was so far discouraging to the Ministry that, although they remained in office, they had to work with a seriously diminished majority. Possibly in the present state of Belgium a clerical Ministry, afraid to act and trembling for its existence, may be the last Ministry to be feared. It is obliged to be fair, and it is obliged to be cautious, and daring Ultramontanes are more easily made to acquiesce in what they dislike when their friends are nominally in power. If a Liberal Ministry had tried as hard to conciliate Germany as the present Ministry has done, it would have been accused of sacrificing the independence of the country. The present Ministry has managed to keep excited Bishops from declaiming against Germany, it has induced its political followers to abstain from public criticisms on German affairs, it endeavours to guard against religious partisans exiled from Germany making Belgium the centre of their plots and intrigues. There is, too, in Belgium a great respect for the law, and a strong wish to see it upheld; and while the Ministry has appealed to this feeling, and has very properly announced its intention of putting down with a strong hand violations of the public peace and incitements to violence, it has not acted hastily or harshly, and has hitherto done little more than take measures of precaution. There is good reason for entertaining, not indeed serene confidence, but an anxious hope that civil strife on anything like a serious scale will be averted. There is much respect for the King, and the King is a sensible and enlightened man. There is a Ministry both willing and obliged to be moderate and cautious. There is much national pride in the success of Belgian institutions. There is a wish to see the law obeyed. There is the sense of growing wealth, and the horror of seeing industry disturbed. For the time, therefore, the waters of religious strife will in all probability be restrained. But it will be long before anything like serene confidence will again be felt. The quarrel between the clerical and the Liberal parties goes down to the very roots of Belgian life. There is not and cannot be peace so long as there are two parties separated by so very wide a gulf of thought, feeling, and principles, coming into collision at every turn of daily life, and almost equally balanced in political power and material resources.

Antwerp has been the scene of disturbances which seem much out of character with its look of lazy happy security, and it has been only by the assemblage of an overwhelming police force that Brussels has escaped a religious procession being made the occasion of a fierce fight. Law and

custom are on the side of the priests, and it seems very poor work for riotous lads and Liberal roughs to insult and assault women, girls, and ecclesiastics. But it is difficult for those who happily live out of the region of Ultramontane agitation to realize how intensely irritating a priestly party can be when it is under the control of pushing, unscrupulous fanatics. The maxim of the clerical party in Belgium is that there shall be no peace for the wicked. To hunt down every one that dares to stand up for civil liberty is their unceasing occupation. Men who show a glimpse of a will of their own, who will not be in all things the humble slaves of their spiritual advisers, are the objects of an unremitting persecution. The slightest actions of their lives are spied and denounced. If they venture to read even a journal of such mild Liberalism as the *Indépendance Belge*, they are numbered with the outcasts. If possible, they are excluded from all positions of public honour; if that cannot be, they are shut out from the pale of good society. If they are too strong and too much respected to make that possible, they can at least be tortured in their homes, and their wives and daughters can be instructed to sigh over their perdition. Hating priests, they come not unnaturally to feel themselves in antagonism to the only religion that practically exists for them. It is in the name of religion that they find themselves thwarted and repressed whenever they try to learn to think and to act like the free inhabitants of a free country. Even their constitutional liberties do not seem to do them much good, for these liberties depend on elections, and the elections are managed by the priests. Englishmen who are impartial enough to try to put themselves in the position of those whom they criticize must own that they would find it very trying if, in such a place as Ghent, the Liberals in the city were swamped by the importation of country voters marshalled by priests. On the whole, Liberalism has been as yet the winning cause in Belgium, but it has month by month to fight for its existence. Patriots have there a great deal to go through to be patriots. In all countries where the Church of Rome is supreme, its superstition and tyranny provoke some amount of unreasoning, violent, ignorant opposition. These opponents of priests are not very loveable creatures, and are apt to indulge in the vices they love as a defiance to the religion they hate. In Belgium there are many such men among the Liberal party, but they do not inspire any feeling beyond some degree of pity, because, to a great extent, Catholicism has made them what they are. It is Belgian Liberals of a different stamp whose wrongs and sorrows move us—men who in England would be thought quiet, harmless, well-meaning people, who ask for nothing more than that they may share the thoughts of civilized Europe, and whose chief misery is that they are stung through their affections, and that servility and treachery are thrust into their homes.

The moment, too, has come when patriotic Belgians are threatened with a new danger. They may reasonably fear that the neutrality, the independence, even the existence, of Belgium are at stake. The Ultramontanes are bent on a new war and a religious war. They are always organizing their forces for a great effort. They think that the restoration of the Temporal Power is by no means beyond their grasp. They hope to upset the insecure Monarchy of Italy by keeping up the brigandage and anarchy of Sicily and Calabria as a thorn in its side, and by working on the timidity of ancient piety. They see in a Bonapartist Restoration the prospect of securing

on their side the energy and resources of France. They foment the jealousy which Germany inspires in Austria. They do their utmost to embarrass Germany itself by fostering in the national Parliament a party which aims at the disruption of the Empire, and by appealing to the latent disaffection of some of the minor States. At present they are not very successful, but they bide their time and work steadily on. In England we feel and see little of this movement, and as it does not touch us, we ignore it, and think that every one else must be as we are. Those, however, who are entrusted with the responsibilities of government are not quite free from uneasiness. In answer to a question put by Mr. WHALLEY, Mr. DISRAELI said that he was aware that there were Jesuits in England, and that Jesuits by being here were guilty of a misdemeanour. For the present the Government saw no reason for putting the law in force, but he wished it to be understood that the law was not obsolete, and, if occasion arose, the Government would enforce it. This was an answer not quite in harmony with the views of those who think that English philosophy will always endure with sublime indifference the approach to our shores of the eddies of the great religious agitation which troubles the Continent. While England feels the agitation the least of all European countries, Belgium feels it the most, if we put aside Spain, which can hardly be called a country at all. Belgium is the entrenched camp of Ultramontanism. It has there on its side wealth, numbers, inveterate superstition, political power, and a strong sense of the good which every Christian Church, even in its worst form, invariably does. At present the fervour of the Ultramontane combatants in Belgium is restrained by the firmness and enlightenment of the KING, by the caution of the Ministry, by the good sense of politicians, by the national love of peace, and by the fear of Germany. But these ardent spirits chafe at the restraint to which they are subjected; and everything in their history and in the language they use suggests that they would be ready, if the chance offered, to throw away all the peculiar advantages they enjoy as Belgians, in order to further the cause which to them seems of supreme and universal importance.

#### LORD CARNARVON'S SOUTH AFRICAN POLICY.

FEW Englishmen possess the official or local knowledge which would be required for the formation of an independent judgment on Lord CARNARVON'S South African project. The proposed Conference will have two principal subjects of discussion which are perhaps not inseparably connected. It is obviously desirable that all the Colonies and States should adopt a common policy in their dealings with the natives. Comparative strictness or laxity on different parts of the undefined frontier to the North and East must constantly tend to produce complication and jealousy. Uncivilized tribes are, as Lord CARNARVON says, sufficiently shrewd in appreciating their own immediate interests; and their resentment of local severity and injustice would be aggravated by experience of more favourable treatment among neighbouring communities. The trade in arms and munitions of war demands vigilant supervision, which can hardly be effectual unless it is uniform; and isolated measures of defence and precaution must necessarily be precarious and costly. Although colonists of European origin may be trusted to assert their ultimate supremacy against numerical odds, the settlers in South Africa may at any time be engaged in a formidable struggle. In New Zealand the colonists at an early period outnumbered the Maori population, which nevertheless maintained for many years an obstinate contest even against English troops. The native tribes of South Africa are enterprising and warlike; and the reinforcements which they may at any time draw from the interior of the continent can only be estimated by vague conjecture. With an unbounded space behind them, occupied only by kindred or inferior races, the Zulus and Kaffirs appear not to be liable to the process of extermination which has in many countries seemed for barbarous tribes the inevitable result of contact with civilization. The establishment of the undisputed superiority of the colonists seems to be an indispensable condition of future peaceful relations. If it is found possible to institute a federal or central Government which may dispose of the resources of all the settlements, the natives will the sooner appreciate the impossibility of resistance. In general they

are not indisposed to acknowledge the authority of the colonial Governments, as they from time to time crowd into districts where some kind of law and order is established. An apparent tendency to mutiny or disaffection may not unfrequently be attributed to the timidity which is characteristic of savages.

The few English settlers who at present occupy parts of the wide territory of Natal have contributed more than their share to the notoriety of the South African colonies. Many years ago Natal had the honour of giving name and room to an ecclesiastical controversy as to which the parties have not yet agreed whether it involved a schism. In later times little local factions have impeded the policy of the colonial Government, and sometimes they have even ludicrously threatened England with a dwarf version of a war of independence. The trial of a native chief and the severities practised against his followers have recently demanded the intervention of the Colonial Minister; and Lord CARNARVON has probably adopted the wisest course in sending a distinguished soldier to rectify the general confusion. One part of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S commission is to reduce the proportion of elected members of the Council so as to ensure to the Governor the necessary control over public affairs. The statement that colonial patriots already complain of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S corrupt practices in the form of dinners and balls confirms the opinion that Lord CARNARVON has made a prudent choice. Any innocent mode of acquiring influence is laudable; and the first qualification of a ruler in a young community is knowledge of human nature. It will be well if the people of Natal accept with a good grace the necessary change in their Constitution. The affair of LANGALIBALELE proves that the proposed addition to the power of the Crown was required for the protection of the native residents in the colony, and for the security of the settlers themselves against a war of races. Responsible government is absurd and unjust where it is exclusively administered by a dominant minority in the midst of a population of aliens. Many of the disasters of Jamaica might have been averted if the Opposition of forty years ago had not prevented Lord MELBOURNE'S Government from suppressing an unmanageable Constitution. The change was effected ten years ago with the greatest possible advantage after a long period of misgovernment which resulted in bloodshed. The necessary modifications of the Constitution of Natal will be effected without reference to Lord CARNARVON'S larger proposal. Responsible government can only be conceded to the colony, if at all, in proportion to its share in a future federation.

Even if the Conference occupies itself wholly with more modest enterprises, it may possibly effect much good. It is an indispensable condition of success that the delegates should enjoy the confidence of those who must accept them for the occasion as their virtual representatives. Constitutional purists will perhaps complain that when Lord CARNARVON invites the Colonies and States to consult together, he names the deputies for all the English possessions. Either the Governor of the Cape, or, if he declines the task, the Deputy High Commissioner, will preside over the Conference. The deputies from the other colonies are all named in the despatch. It will be unfortunate if any formal scruple prevents the colonies from adopting Lord CARNARVON'S nominees. It is much more important to obtain the services of the best men who can be found than to provide the machinery of a popular election. Lord CARNARVON himself will be represented by Mr. FROUDE, whose great abilities have been lately directed to the consideration of South African questions. As Mr. FROUDE has but recently sailed for the Cape, he is undoubtedly in possession of Lord CARNARVON'S full and confidential instructions. The experiment of employing an eminent writer in public business may be suitably tried on an occasion which requires the exercise of the organic faculty and of powers of generalization. Mr. FROUDE'S opinions on South African politics have already been partially made known; and an additional security for his practical judgment is the fact that he shares the views of Lord CARNARVON. The most pressing questions to be considered by the Conference are those which relate to relations with the natives. Elected delegates could scarcely have been trusted to form a dispassionate and impartial judgment. Until general resolutions on matters connected with the natives have been adopted, it is improbable that the Conference should occupy itself with the more ambitious scheme of federation. Lord CARNARVON, on the part of



the Imperial Government, approves beforehand a measure which in his opinion would tend to promote the general prosperity. The precedent of Canada is probably fresh in his recollection, and the fiscal and commercial disputes which have arisen among the different Australian colonies may perhaps be thought to illustrate the advantages of federal union.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of Lord CARNARVON's scheme is not made prominent in his despatch. The Conference will represent not only the Eastern and Western Cape provinces, Natal, and Griqualand West, but also the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic. The concession of independence to some of the Dutch colonists during the colonial administration of the Duke of NEWCASTLE was a measure of doubtful expediency; but, except with the consent of the new Republics, it is irrevocable. There are nevertheless still many interests common to the subjects of the English Crown and to the free States. The relations of Dutch farmers and of English settlers to the native tribes must be embarrassed by the same difficulties; and for many other reasons it is desirable to cultivate the most friendly relations with civilized neighbours. The two Dutch States will consequently be requested to send delegates to the Conference, and it is to be wished that they may accept the invitation. They may perhaps find a ground of objection in the scheme of federation, which could not include them unless they were willing to resume their English allegiance. It is probable that their Governments or their leading men may have been already sounded, and that Lord CARNARVON has reason to anticipate their adherence to his plan. There is no reason why they should not, after sharing in the discussion of the question of the natives, withdraw at their pleasure from the Conference as soon as it enters on the subject of federation. Lord CARNARVON expressly declares that the assent both of the colonies and of the Dutch States is to be free and uncontrolled. Any resolutions on which the delegates may agree will afterwards require the sanction of the different communities. The Dutch States are assured that, even if they hesitate in the first instance to join the Conference, they will have opportunities of sharing in the deliberations at a later stage. It is not easy for politicians who live at home to estimate the motives which may influence settlers who are naturally jealous of dictation. Sensible South Africans will in any case not fail to appreciate Lord CARNARVON's good intentions and his entire loyalty.

#### FINANCIAL DEBATING.

TWO days this week have been devoted by the House of Commons to long debates on comparatively small financial questions. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has had to defend himself against the criticisms of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, and the subsidiary assaults of Mr. CHILDERS, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Mr. FAWCETT. The time spent has been well spent. In stirring times, it is true, there would not be room for such debates. If the national mind were seriously moved on any great subject, the House would have neither time nor taste for arguing whether joint or separate accounts should be kept for two classes of Savings Banks. But things are very quiet just now, and this is the proper moment for enforcing on the Ministry of the day the lesson that one of their duties is to be quite accurate and clear in all matters of account. Mr. GLADSTONE said with great truth that the growth of a system of public accounts by virtue of which Parliament can see the real machinery of income and expenditure is the very flower and perfection of Parliamentary institutions. It has cost years of continuous labour to get such a system introduced into England, and there is nothing like it in any Continental country. But in order that the system, when once introduced, may not die away from no one taking the trouble to see that it is kept in a flourishing state, it is necessary that the Ministry should be looked after with proper pertinacity on the part of the Opposition. The sort of criticism thus provoked has a tendency to become minute and captious; but it ought not to be denounced as frivolous and vexatious simply because it turns on points somewhat trivial and often very uninteresting. If the House of Commons is to go into discussions on accounts, it must occupy itself with details, and often with very dull details. Nor ought the Opposition to be condemned because it is not only outvoted, but sometimes conquered in argument. It is the

discussion that is really valuable, and it is valuable in many ways. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, to begin with, gets educated by this salutary process. He is made to think, to reason, to yield; and the stronger is the band of his instructors the more profitable will be his discipline. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE enjoys an advantage in having to go through the bracing trial of confronting Mr. GLADSTONE and his allies, which they, when in office, did not share. They had only Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to criticize them, and he had then neither sufficient position nor sufficient confidence in himself to make his criticism effectual. He has shown, now that he is in office, that he can meet his critics on equal terms. Sometimes he has to bow before the force of argument, but he can challenge his opponents to meet him on the field of argument only, and he does not yield to the mere pressure of the financial reputation even of Mr. GLADSTONE. On the other hand, it is by no means a bad thing that both the nation and the Liberal party should be made to see that Mr. GLADSTONE, like lesser people, is sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and that he is not in possession of any mysterious and secret gift which enables him to be always right in matters of account and finance. If what Mr. GLADSTONE now says on such subjects had been said by him two or three years ago, it would have been received as the incontestable, even if unintelligible, expression of a final and conclusive authority. To receive with respect the utterances of experienced statesmen is the part of a wise nation, but it is desirable that political vicissitudes should sometimes intervene to prevent respect from degenerating into idolatry.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had a very instructive evening on Monday. His Savings Banks Bill was under discussion, and his Savings Banks Bill was mainly a Bill for throwing together the accounts of the old Savings Banks, the Post Office Savings Banks, and the deposits of Friendly Societies, and for extending the area of investments in which the State may place the sums confided to it. The first proposal engaged the attention of the House for some hours on Monday, and in the end the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had to own himself beaten. That the existing deficit on the account of the old Savings Banks might be met out of the existing surplus on the Post Office Savings Banks account was admitted on all hands. Mr. DISRAELI went so far as to say that, if this was admitted, then any future deficit on the first account might equally well be met out of any future surplus on the second account, and that therefore the accounts might very properly be thrown together. But Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not take precisely the same ground. It is obvious that, if the State pays three and a quarter per cent. to one set of depositors and loses by the operation, and pays two and a half per cent. to another set and gains by doing so, it treats the one set better than the other. It must not be assumed that the State really gains on the Post Office Savings Banks account in the sense in which a private banker gains on an account. The State pays for all the machinery of the Post Office Savings Banks out of the general revenue of the Post Office. As it is, there is a surplus, and as both sets of depositors have had all that they bargained for, the State may very properly set the surplus on one account against the deficiency on the other. But for the future it has simply to offer such rates as are fair to all parties, and if its object is to encourage thrift, it may do more good by augmenting the interest paid in the Post Office Savings Banks than by keeping things as they are. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE admitted this, and promised to consider whether depositors in Post Office Savings Banks might not have some other advantages accorded them. His justification for throwing all the accounts into one was that for the future there would be no deficit on any of them. There has been a deficit on the old Savings Banks account because in past years money deposited was often invested in Consols when high and repaid when Consols were low. The difference in the price of the Funds at the two dates caused a serious loss. But now there is no need for this. Terminable Annuities supply all the cash which is likely to be wanted, even if there is a run on the Savings Banks. The critics, however, of the CHANCELLOR insisted that it was a mere assumption that there would be no loss on any of the accounts for the future, and that it was essential for the control of Parliament that it should be shown on which head there had been a loss, if there was any. The CHANCELLOR stood firm, but on a division he was supported by less than his usual majority, and shortly afterwards he gave up the whole point under the disguise of a

compromise, and agreed that the accounts should be kept both in a joint and in a separate form. A little later in the evening he withdrew, or deferred indefinitely, the proposal to extend the area of investment, and thus in a few hours the whole inside was eaten out of the Government Bill, and nothing but a crumbling wall of pastry remained to show what the dish had been.

The next day, however, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was more successful. His scheme for reducing the National Debt was the subject of discussion, and Mr. GLADSTONE was very hard on this scheme. For the present the proposal is modesty itself. It merely consists in appropriating 185,000*l.* out of the revenue of the present year to reducing the Debt, and, if this sum represents a surplus, it would have gone to the reduction of the Debt anyhow. Mr. GLADSTONE was indignant at this 185,000*l.* being treated as having any existence at all. Where, he asked, is it to come from? To this the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied that he relied upon the normal increase of the revenue. This roused Mr. GLADSTONE to fury. He utterly denied that there was such a thing as a normal increase of the revenue. It was, he said, the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to look to the particular year with which he had to deal, and to discover what the revenue was going to be, taking into account the probable increase for that year. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had, however, a triumphant precedent at his command. So lately as 1872 Mr. LOWE, having announced a surplus of 300,000*l.*, subsequently introduced supplementary Estimates for 400,000*l.*, and, on being asked where the money was to come from, replied that he had a right to rely on the increase of the revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE could only say that he did not care what was done in 1872 or any other year, a statement which the reporters described as being followed by a laugh. It certainly was calculated to awaken a smile, even on the faces of the humblest and meekest of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers. The world perhaps gains by finding that just now, when the House sees a joke in one of Mr. GLADSTONE's grand oracular statements about finance, it dares to show it. On the main subject itself there was little said to shake the general conviction that, if Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was doing very little to reduce the Debt, he was doing something. His scheme will have no real effect until the first set of Terminable Annuities fall in, ten years hence. When that time comes much less will be needed to provide for the absolute requirements of the current year, and Parliament will then decide whether the surplus shall be devoted to paying off debt or to reduction of taxation. All that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE aspires to do is to influence in a very gentle and cautious manner the possible views of an unknown body of men meeting ten years hence. If the Parliaments that have not to decide the question will but persevere in talking as if they had to decide it, and were bent on deciding it in the form of making a grand effort to reduce the Debt, then it is hoped or imagined that the Parliament that has to decide it may be guided by the views and inspired by the language of its predecessors. It is not probable, but it is just possible, that this may be so; and this is all that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE wants to see tried. He asks so little that the House cannot understand why he should not have it; and Mr. GLADSTONE's thunderbolts of denunciation, which would be quite proper if there was an oak to be rent, seem out of place when hurled against the modest cabbage-plant of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

#### THE ORLEANISTS.

COUNT RÉMUSAT, though he was justly and generally respected, occupied a secondary political position; but his death recalls the memory of the class rather than the party of which he was an eminent member. Regulated freedom and constitutional government have never been widely popular in France, though they have been promoted and defended during sixty years by the most upright and enlightened body of politicians in that country. Of late years it has been the custom to describe as Orleanists the consistent opponents both of military despotism and of turbulent democracy; but many of the most Liberal statesmen and of their followers have entertained no fanatical attachment to LOUIS PHILIPPE and his descendants. M. DE RÉMUSAT himself, like his friend and leader M. THIERS, at last consented to try the experiment of a Republic, though both of them would, with good

reason, have preferred a Constitutional Monarchy. During the thirty years of Parliamentary government, from the Restoration to the catastrophe of 1848, many of the principal supporters of the two successive dynasties were habitually in opposition. M. DE RÉMUSAT was a colleague of M. THIERS during his attempt to organize a general war in 1840, and from that time to the end of the KING's reign he resisted the policy of M. GUIZOT; yet he had far more in common with the haughty and obstinate Minister than with the demagogues and agitators who incessantly menaced the Throne. It is not a little remarkable that a country where representative government seems to be an exotic has been extraordinarily fertile of orators and constitutional statesmen. The elder CASIMIR PÉRIER, ROYER COLLARD, Count MOLÉ, the late Duke of BROGLIE, and M. DE RÉMUSAT himself might, even if GUIZOT and THIERS were forgotten, compare not to their disadvantage with the Parliamentary leaders who have existed at any one time in England.

The best of them remembered with profound resentment and disapproval the Empire which attracted the regretful enthusiasm of BÉRANGER and of the multitude whom he at the same time copied and instructed. M. THIERS, in his exaggerated admiration for military genius, inflicted heavy blows on the cause of liberty by his deification of NAPOLEON; but when the Empire was, partly through his influence as a popular writer, re-established, he prudently redeemed his error by an unqualified opposition to the successor of his idol. The preference of the Orleanists for a Monarchy over a Republic was founded on calculations of expediency. The main article of their political creed was a belief in the rightful sovereignty, not of kings, but of Parliaments. It may be doubted whether any one of their number has willingly accepted the modern device of universal suffrage. French political literature of forty years ago is distinguished by a simplicity and faith in the indefinite duration of existing institutions. Professors of the philosophy of history constantly demonstrated to their own satisfaction that the Charter and the Monarchy of July were the necessary and final result of feudalism, of absolute royalty, of the Revolution, and the Empire. There were, indeed, always political agitators, and literary teachers of the theories of the first Revolution. LOUIS BLANC selected ROBESPIERRE instead of NAPOLEON as a prophet or a demigod, and even moderate Liberals expressed devotion to the so-called principles of 1789; but fanatical Republicans and sympathizing students of the Bonapartist mythology formed a minority in cultivated society, and their influence with the populace or the peasantry was little understood. The section of Frenchmen which governed the country between 1815 and 1848, if they were not exempt from illusions, consistently vindicated the cause of constitutional freedom. It is mainly owing to their example, and to the exertions of the survivors and of their younger associates, that it has been possible for an elected Assembly to maintain its authority since the German war in the midst of disadvantages and difficulties. It is true that many of those who were formerly known as Orleanists have since become sluggish converts to the Republic; and perhaps by this time the whole body is satisfied that a Monarchy without a Pretender or a candidate for the office is at present an impossibility. There is no irreconcilable division in the ranks of the moderate and constitutional party. If it were certain that the Republic can be established without giving predominance to the descendants of the Jacobins, the remaining objections to the system would rapidly disappear.

While the Second Empire lasted, M. DE RÉMUSAT and his friends kept alive the protest of the enlightened and responsible classes against a despotism which was for many years brilliant and popular. The rest of the nation might at its pleasure, by successive and almost unanimous votes, give away its rights and its control over its own affairs. The Orleanists almost alone insisted on the restoration of Parliamentary government as the condition of their adherence. NAPOLEON III. always recognized in the statesmen who had served under LOUIS PHILIPPE the most formidable of his enemies. The justice of his estimate was proved when, towards the end of his reign, he committed the mistake of tolerating opposition in the Legislative Body. It soon appeared that M. THIERS and half-a-dozen followers could by their eloquence and pertinacity embarrass the EMPEROR and his Ministers, though they could not openly resist him. The EMPEROR, whose good sense and generosity seemed to fail him whenever



he encountered the Princes of ORLEANS or their supposed adherents, was probably induced by their criticisms and sarcasms to concede at last unbounded license to seditious demagogues. A practical illustration of the dangers of freedom of speech proved, as might have been expected, a perilous experiment. The inconvenience of revolutionary declamations afforded no proof of the expediency of reducing temperate and argumentative opponents to silence. It was by his consistent opposition to the policy of the Empire, as well as by his reputation and his diplomatic services during the war, that M. THIERS earned the extraordinary confidence which placed him by universal assent at the head of the Government in 1871. The political schism which ended in his overthrow and in the succession of Marshal MACMAHON divided the constitutional party into two hostile sections; but since the assumption of power by the Assembly the administration of government, and to a great extent the conduct of debate, have been wholly in the hands of the Orleanists of either the older or the new generation. The present Duke of BROGLIE, the Duke DECAZES, the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER, and M. CASIMIR PÉRIER have asserted by their personal efforts the superiority which might not have been accorded to their hereditary claims. M. GAMBETTA, who alone among the Republicans has exhibited high political faculties, has for some time past been content to serve under M. THIERS.

M. DE RÉMUSAT, according to the practice of his life, followed the example of M. THIERS in at last preferring a Republic which seemed possible to an apparently unattainable Monarchy. If he had persuaded himself to believe in the prudence and moderation of his new and uncongenial allies, he was speedily undeceived. The PRESIDENT had made great sacrifices to the cause of the Republic, and its immediate prospects evidently depended on his continuance in power; but the Republicans of Paris thought fit to stimulate his zeal by a wanton and offensive attack on his most confidential friend, who was also at the time Minister for Foreign Affairs. When M. DE RÉMUSAT, at the instigation of M. THIERS, offered himself as candidate on the occurrence of a vacancy in the representation of Paris, the enlightened voters determined to administer a lesson to the PRESIDENT by returning an obscure and troublesome agitator called BARODET, who had recently favoured the party of disorder as Mayor of Lyons. In such a contest audacity and anarchy could not fail to triumph over the cause which was represented by M. DE RÉMUSAT. It is not known whether he was personally disappointed by his failure, but he must have lamented the immediate consequence in the expulsion of M. THIERS from office; nor can he have afterwards relied on the prudence of the Republicans. It is impossible to know beforehand whether eloquence, moderation, and familiarity with public business will hereafter find the opportunity which has been offered to the best class of statesmen only in the time of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and during the continuance of the present Assembly. If the country is content to be ruled by orators and men of business, the new Constitution will probably be successful and durable. A Republic of the type of 1793, or an Imperial Restoration, would relegate into obscurity and inaction the class of politicians to which M. DE RÉMUSAT belonged. Whether they will again connect themselves with the fortunes of the House of ORLEANS is a question which may hereafter excite reasonable curiosity.

#### MR. DIXON'S BILL.

MR. DIXON'S Bill, nominally for enforcing attendance at school, but really for the universal establishment of School Boards, would probably have been drawn in a different shape by any other member, or possibly even by the member for Birmingham himself if he had not felt sure that there was no present chance of carrying it in any shape. As it was presented to the House of Commons on Wednesday, it may be described as a Bill to attain a not very popular end by the use of decidedly unpopular means. It is true that the principle of compulsion has made considerable progress since 1870. But it is a progress which is due in great measure to the fact that of those who are or who declare themselves convinced that every child must eventually be made to go to school many know very well that they run no risk of being at once taken at their word, while many reasonable persons desire to separate the abstract

question from the particular provisions of Mr. FORSTER'S Act. It is a gain perhaps that the principle should command this general recognition; but it is not a gain that can be discounted to any purpose by those who are identified with the most narrow and intolerant phase of educational propagandism. When next the educational tide begins to flow, it will rise all the more rapidly because the dislike of compulsion has pretty well died out. But this merely negative change is not of itself sufficient to carry Mr. DIXON'S or any other Bill. There must also be an effective desire to see attendance at school enforced, and a conviction that the working machinery exists to carry out that desire. When that day comes, the Government which will then be in office will find no difficulty in framing and passing a measure to carry it out. But before this preliminary condition is satisfied a change must have come over public opinion in other ways also. At present we cannot see that the slightest good is done by Mr. DIXON'S annual Wednesday. There is nothing new to be said in favour of compulsion, and it is rather an injury than a gain to the cause that those who are still opposed to it should have an additional opportunity of strengthening themselves in their resistance.

If Mr. DIXON'S Bill could possibly have become law, he would have been further off than ever from the end at which he wishes to arrive. In spite of occasional instances which point the other way, it seems clear that the popularity of School Boards was never great, and has not of late grown greater. Where they have had to be formed under the Act of 1870 the ratepayers have in a great majority of cases allowed the Education Department to issue a peremptory order before moving in the matter. Yet in these cases the need for additional school accommodation had been proved, and the School Boards were only called into being when the provision of voluntary schools had been officially pronounced to be insufficient. If they have been unwelcome to the ratepayers even under these circumstances, how much more unwelcome would they be if they were forced upon parishes in which voluntary schools are able to educate all the children! Some amount of money must be spent on a School Board, no matter how little it is meant to do, when it has once been elected, and the smaller the purpose is which such a Board is designed to answer the more the ratepayers would dislike being compelled to create one. Even if the members of the Board were not elected by the ratepayers, it would be an act of doubtful policy to associate compulsion with a machinery which is so much disliked. But considering that the Board which has to see that children go to school would be returned by the very persons who have opposed its creation, there is a further danger to be encountered. To enforce attendance at school is a duty which requires considerable energy, and the mere fact that certain persons have been nominated to perform this duty will not give them the qualifications which are needed for performing it well. The greatest merit in the eyes of an obstinate and irritated ratepayer would be a determination to do the very least that the law requires, and what chance would compulsion have in the hands of a Board composed for the most part of men who have proclaimed this determination? A thriving Yorkshire town has lately been subjected to a violent outbreak of small-pox because the Board of Guardians hold the views of the Peculiar People in the matter of vaccination, and it was only when the mortality became extraordinarily great that the Local Government Board was provoked into talking about a mandamus. It would be very much more difficult to bring the terrors of the Court of Queen's Bench to bear upon an obstinate School Board. Vaccination is a single act, and there is seldom any excuse for its omission. But the enforcement of school attendance is a series of acts in each one of which different considerations may be involved. The Education Department might feel certain that the law was being evaded in this or that parish, and yet be quite unable to convict the School Board of evading it in any particular instance. In this way the principle of compulsion would get discredited by reason of its partial and imperfect application.

There is even reason to doubt whether the present is exactly the moment for enforcing school attendance throughout the country. It has all along been evident that the working of the compulsory provisions of the Education Act would eventually raise questions of great difficulty, and recent cases seem to show that the time thus foreseen has now arrived. When compulsion began to be

applied, it naturally took effect in the first instance on the large mass of parents who had no real motive for keeping their children at home. So long as there was no law forbidding them to do so they took no trouble about the matter, but as soon as they found that if their children went without education they themselves might be fined, the slight inducement which was wanting was supplied, and the children were sent off to school. The early triumphs of compulsion were thus won with great apparent ease. By degrees, however, the officers of the School Boards have found themselves in contact with a class of parents who have a perfectly genuine motive for wishing to keep a child at home. There are many poor persons to whom a child's attendance at school is not merely a matter of school pence, or even of foregoing the child's wages. It involves doing without the child's services, and when there are younger children in the case, the withdrawal of these services often necessitates actual payments to a substitute. It seems hard to insist that a widow who finds it difficult to keep herself off the parish shall add to the expenses of her family by paying another woman's child to do for her what her own child is perfectly competent to do if she were allowed to keep it at home. Yet, if this were once admitted as a valid excuse for absence from school, compulsion would soon become a dead letter. Every parent who was too lazy or too selfish or too miserly to get his children educated would take care to have some imaginary household duty in reserve as an excuse to be urged to the visitor. It is not easy either for School Boards or for magistrates to obtain so intimate a knowledge of the interior economy of a labourer's house as to say with certainty that there are no babies to be looked after, or no pots and pans to be kept clean. Just as in Ireland every man whose father is dead is an "orphan," no matter what may be his age, provided that there is anything to be got by claiming the title, so every family in which there were young children would plead the impossibility of sending the elder children to school. With time and judgment it will not, we believe, be found impossible to reconcile these conflicting considerations. The extension of infant schools, greater familiarity with the half-time system, the recognition that, if money is lost by the family which has to pay a substitute, it is made by the family which supplies the substitute, and most of all the gradual discovery that want of education makes it difficult for a child to get on after it has left school, will each do something towards removing the difficulty. Still, time is needed for these various influences to take effect, and it is desirable that the hostility to compulsion which has lately grown up among the poor should not be increased in the interval by entrusting the exercise of it to unwilling or injudicious hands. There may be moments when obstacles which apparently can only be surmounted by years of patient labour disappear in an instant before some sudden rush of public feeling. Impossibilities become possible in the presence of a determination to compass them. But this is not the temper of Englishmen at present, nor does it seem as though it were likely very soon to become their temper. To set up a really efficacious system of compulsion would demand a kind of energy which is apparently not to be found in the present House of Commons or in the existing tone of public opinion.

#### GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

GENERAL GRANT'S letter to the Republican Convention at Philadelphia is ingeniously composed. The party may according to its convenience either regard it as a disclaimer of any pretension to a third term of office, or as an expression of readiness to become a candidate on sufficient public grounds. When the PRESIDENT declares that he no more seeks nomination now than on the two former occasions, he seems to imply that a third election is not only possible, but probable. In a certain sense an aspirant to the Presidency may always profess that he is not a candidate for an office which, according to the custom of the country, is bestowed without open canvassing or solicitation. General GRANT was as much or as little a candidate as the opponents whom he defeated, or the predecessors who had been selected in former times by the managers of their respective parties. If he is still equally ready to accept a nomination he must be regarded as a candidate in the ordinary sense of the word. It is true that he at the same time professes that he would not accept an offered nomination except on grounds which are in his judgment not

likely to occur. It is difficult to define the nature of the motives which might in certain cases overcome his reluctance. Probably the interests of the Republican party, if no other nomination seemed likely to insure its success in the Presidential contest, would be regarded as a paramount consideration. In the course of the elections for Congress during the autumn of 1874, the Republican managers found that General GRANT's supposed candidature furnished Democratic politicians with a plausible argument. To obviate the recurrence of similar embarrassment, the Convention of Pennsylvanian Republicans invited the PRESIDENT to remove any suspicion of his intentions which may still be entertained. It is not known whether they are satisfied with a reply which shows that General GRANT is not less cautious and adroit than the astutest of professional politicians. His letter may be quoted to reassure the jealousy of dissatisfied partisans; while it contains no pledge which could interfere with his candidature if in the course of next year he should be adopted by his party. On the whole, it may be conjectured that General GRANT is more sanguine in his expectations than disinterested calculators of political chances.

The precedent of WASHINGTON's refusal of a third term of office has exercised a curious influence on American opinion. The framers of the Constitution cannot have overlooked the possible contingency of a tenure of the Presidency extending over twelve years or for life. Some of them were perhaps not disinclined to retain as far as possible a similarity to the English Constitution. As it was almost certain that General WASHINGTON would during his life be more popular than any competitor, he might perhaps, if he had thought fit, have accustomed his countrymen to prolonged terms of office. The objections which have been with some reason urged against a second, or even a first, re-election would apply with less force to a tenure at the will of the people or during good behaviour. A President who knows that he will within two or three years be again a candidate is strongly tempted to use his patronage and power for the promotion of his personal interests. If continuance in office became an ordinary practice, the President would be at liberty to concentrate his attention on the promotion of public interests. It has been justly remarked that the usage which has now prevailed for three-quarters of a century strongly illustrates the tendency of tradition to encroach on the domain of formal legislation. Until lately the people of the United States professed a resolute and exclusive faith in their Constitution, which had in their estimation acquired a kind of Scriptural sanctity; yet the example of WASHINGTON and the practice which consequently affected his successors became gradually almost as binding as the written organic law. For several years before the Civil War no President had been allowed a second term; but the services of Mr. LINCOLN fairly entitled him to the revival of the earlier custom. General GRANT's military reputation would probably have secured his re-election in 1872, even if his opponents had not selected a ridiculous candidate in the person of Mr. GREELEY. Since that time his popularity seems to have rapidly declined, and the recovery by white American citizens of the control of nearly all the Southern States must greatly affect the balance of electoral power; yet it is still not impossible that the Republicans may at the last moment find the PRESIDENT their most available candidate.

The national indifference to personal merit as a qualification for office is both a consequence of universal suffrage and a cause of many unforeseen results. A vast community which has perhaps a higher average of intelligence than any other is not known to possess a single statesman or pre-eminent citizen. An American TARQUIN would not find a flower to decapitate which overtopped the neighbouring plants. Among the most active politicians half a dozen may be notorious, but not one can be called famous. Almost every name which is familiar to the general ear is associated with the lowest form of faction, if not with pecuniary corruption. In former years mediocrity of merit and obscurity of position were considered as recommendations to party nominees for the Presidency. It is difficult to recollect the names of the long series of Democratic Presidents which ended with Mr. BUCHANAN. Mr. LINCOLN was by a happy accident preferred to Mr. SEWARD, because he was an imperfectly educated provincial lawyer who was not at that time known to be vigorous and honest. As long as the distinction between the two parties is sharply defined, the managers of a nomination Convention



are chiefly concerned to select a candidate who will alienate the smallest possible section of the party. The last autumn elections showed that the waverers who form the most respectable part of the constituency had greatly increased in numbers and in power. In the absence of exciting political issues, thousands of voters wished to show their resentment of Republican misgovernment, although they may have placed but little confidence in the Democratic party. If the same state of public opinion prevails during the next summer and autumn, the victory may perhaps rest with the party which selects the more eminent candidate. The Republicans include in their ranks more capable administrators and more scrupulous dispensers of patronage than General GRANT, but they can point to no name of equal celebrity; and possibly the veteran tacticians of the party may prefer a candidate who will not incommode them by exaggerated strictness of principle or practice. For the various chances which may influence the choice General GRANT prudently waits.

When he was first appointed President by acclamation, General GRANT thought himself strong enough in popularity and reputation to exercise independent authority; but his more experienced supporters and patrons lost no time in correcting his misapprehension. He was indirectly compelled to remodel the first Cabinet which he appointed; and he found that the restrictions which had with his aid been imposed on his unlucky predecessor would not be relaxed, as he had hoped, in his favour. With a pliability which had not been anticipated, the PRESIDENT speedily adapted his conduct to the circumstances of his position. Taking politicians of the order of General BUTLER into his confidence, after providing liberally for his family and personal followers, he distributed the remainder of his patronage among the Republican leaders in the Senate and in Congress. For a long period he retained in office two successive Secretaries of the Treasury who were at the same time ignorant of the principles of finance and careless of legal obligations; but there is reason to believe that the PRESIDENT has himself endeavoured to study financial questions, not without partial success. His military instincts probably explain the Southern policy which has, more than his other proceedings, alienated a large section of his former adherents. General SHERIDAN, one of his principal lieutenants, has shown even more distinctly than the PRESIDENT himself the indifference to constitutional rights which has often in other countries characterized successful soldiers. Even hackneyed politicians were startled by a request from a commanding officer to the PRESIDENT that he should be invested with power of life and death. The people of the United States have fortunately nothing beyond transient encroachments to fear from the ambition of military adventurers. Some of the opponents of the PRESIDENT have absurdly affected to apprehend the establishment of an Imperial despotism if General GRANT were elected to a third term of office. The worst that could happen in such a contingency would be that for four years more places in the Civil Service would be appropriated to the remuneration of political agents. As the same result may probably ensue from the election of any candidate of either party, imperfect administrative morality forms no conclusive objection to the claims of General GRANT. During next year the PRESIDENT will be hampered by the existence of a hostile majority in the House of Representatives, though the Republicans still control the Senate. The Democratic party would almost certainly succeed in the Presidential contest if only they had a policy and a presentable candidate. It is still possible that General GRANT may be the Republican nominee; and deference to the choice of the party would not be inconsistent with the language of his recent letter.

#### M. OLLIVIER'S REAPPEARANCE.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER has yielded to the representations of those who tell him that he has no right to forget himself "in study and solitary meditation." He begins his introduction to *Principes et Conduite* by the remark that his friends, once very numerous, are fewer to-day, and if it be his friends who have persuaded him to break silence, he has good reason to wish that they had been fewer still. His defence of his conduct while in office is obviously genuine, and he does not seem in the least to see that it concedes the worst charges which have ever been brought against him. M. OLLIVIER is even now touched by the recollection of the miserable state in which

France was at the moment when he came forward as her deliverer. When he formed his Ministry "there were" "general apprehensions, all the public offices were" "working badly, the hopes of the revolutionary party" "equalled their audacity." It was said at the time that all these dangers might be averted if the EMPEROR could really make up his mind to govern with a Parliamentary Ministry. What made it doubtful whether they would be averted was the uncertainty as to the EMPEROR's intentions. M. OLLIVIER now admits that the EMPEROR never thought of governing with a Parliamentary Ministry. When the world supposed that the OLLIVIER Cabinet had the attributes of Cabinets formed in constitutional countries it was completely mistaken. "I never," says M. OLLIVIER, "had the" "title or the prerogatives of a Prime Minister. Certain of my colleagues made equality between us the" "very condition of their taking office. The Council had" "no President but the EMPEROR." It is evident from this explanation that M. OLLIVIER's vanity made him the dupe of shrewder men than himself. He could not resist the temptation to pose before the country as the practical statesman who had discovered how to reconcile the Empire and liberty. It is plain, from his explanation, that if he had presented himself in his true character, he could only have posed as the statesman who had discovered how to reconcile the Empire and M. OLLIVIER. He was quite willing to have the glory of forming a Cabinet, though he knew all the time that his colleagues had bargained that they were to have their own way in everything relating to their own departments, and the EMPEROR himself had bargained that he was to have his own way even in M. OLLIVIER's department. A Minister who consents to take office on these terms has betrayed the cause of constitutional government. M. OLLIVIER ought to have known that there was not one of the political puppets who had served the EMPEROR's purpose in the strongest days of the Empire who could not have truly described his position in these same terms. There was always a nominal Cabinet installed at the Tuileries, and all that prevented it from being a real Cabinet was that the Ministers composing it had nothing to do with one another, and that the EMPEROR could impose his will upon all of them. We now know on the best authority that M. OLLIVIER's entrance upon office made no change in either of these respects. He himself was only Minister of Justice and Religious Beliefs, and he was entirely ignorant of what was going on outside his own office.

For a time things seemed to go on fairly well. No one but M. OLLIVIER would describe the uneventful period between January and May 1870 as "a few weeks of an" "Administration as energetic as it was liberal," or imagine that the result was to calm the public mind, to restore authority to the Government, or to repress the boastfulness of the Revolutionary party. But if no great good was effected in this interval, no great harm was done either. And if M. OLLIVIER had had the wisdom to oppose the disastrous plebiscite of the 8th of May, it is just possible that the war might have been averted and the foundations of a better state of things laid under M. OLLIVIER's eye, though hardly with his co-operation. It is clear, however, that he had not the least dislike to the plebiscite. Instead of regarding it as an intimation to the country that the advent of constitutional government and a Parliamentary Ministry was still far off, he seems to have welcomed it as a solemn consecration of his own importance. Eight million votes renewed the Empire, effaced the *Coup d'état*, and glorified M. EMILE OLLIVIER. From that moment the EMPEROR took his own way, and the supposed Prime Minister was left to administer justice and to look after the payment of religious beliefs. The light heart with which he entered upon the war with Germany was the natural result of his theory of Ministerial responsibility. Marshal LEBŒUF had declared, says M. OLLIVIER, that the army was "organized, equipped, provisioned," "instructed, and that in seven days it might present" "more than 600,000 men in battle array." To be sure Marshal NIEL was dead, and there was consequently no opportunity of cross-examining him as to the meaning and value of these assurances. But M. OLLIVIER did not for that reason trouble himself any the more about the matter. The Man in the Street said that the army was all right, and on the faith of this assurance M. OLLIVIER was ready to start for Berlin. It would have been perfectly natural if one of the EMPEROR's former Ministers had felt and talked in this strain. The EMPEROR and the Minister

of War were then supposed to be supreme upon questions of armaments, and it would have been regarded as an act of intolerable presumption if the head clerk of any other department had dared to make any inquiries about them. But M. OLLIVIER'S presence in the Government had no meaning except as a guarantee that this state of things was to exist no longer. When he took office, those who hoped for the best tried to assure themselves that for the future nothing would be done without his knowledge and consent. He was expected to exercise a real control over the EMPEROR so long as he remained at his side, and it would have been thought impossible that a Minister who was professedly the head of a Constitutional Cabinet would have left himself without that information as to the condition of the army which was indispensable to enable him to give advice on the choice between war and peace.

M. OLLIVIER appears to make advantage when he is telling his friends what to do in the future than when he is justifying what he himself has done in the past. The seven rules which are to guide the action of his party, if he has a party, in the coming elections smack of the most unexceptionable morality. First of all, he bids his imaginary followers to recriminate nobody. In this case virtue is plainly identical with good policy. To play at bandying reproaches would argue an extraordinary want of common sense in men for whose conduct no more plausible excuses can be pleaded than M. OLLIVIER has strung together in his introduction. "Let us leave the past to history." It may forget our blunders, and that is more than we can expect our contemporaries to do. Secondly, M. OLLIVIER's party is to be kindly towards those "who devote themselves to the ungrateful task of contenting men." This was the task which M. OLLIVIER himself undertook with so much zeal, and he has a natural tenderness for all who call things by wrong names in order to recommend them to popular acceptance, and for all who profess to know things of which they are in truth completely ignorant. Thirdly, M. OLLIVIER's friends are to love and be devoted to the people. "It suffers and is ignorant." This shows a prudent preparation on M. OLLIVIER's part for possible unpopularity at the time of the general election. Frenchmen have certainly undergone a great deal since May 1870, and they may still be ignorant that M. OLLIVIER, if he and the EMPEROR could have got their way, would have put everything right. The EMPEROR's own opinion, says M. OLLIVIER, was "nearly infallible," and if he had acted on his own opinion, he would never have gone to Sedan. He would have taken the road to Paris, and have come back to safety and his OLLIVIER. We feel with the writer that these are not truths that a nation can be expected to take in all at once. The three next rules go more into detail. M. OLLIVIER advises his friends to help the Government in keeping the peace, to respect the new Constitution, "since it constitutes the legality of fact," and not to agitate the country prematurely by insisting on an immediate revision of it. Still, as soon as the time of revision arrives, M. OLLIVIER's followers are not to show themselves mere pusillanimous weathercocks. They are to insist that the legality of the plebiscite of the 8th of May shall be recognized, and M. OLLIVIER installed as the Minister of NAPOLEON IV., or else that a new plebiscite shall be taken. Of the two we recommend them to stand by the latter alternative. No one can say what a future plebiscite may do, and though it seems unlikely that it will do anything for M. OLLIVIER, the chapter of accidents is still unexhausted. But his invocation of the old plebiscite cannot possibly be of any use to him. There is not the slightest chance that NAPOLEON IV. would be so ill advised as to take M. OLLIVIER for his Minister, and he would only find in the end that the plebiscite which in May 1870 he had thought such a clever invention, had after all been reserved to further the ends of M. ROUHER.

#### THE BEECHER TRIAL.

IT may be safely assumed that there is only one country in the world in which such an amazing exhibition as that which has been presented in the trial of Mr. BEECHER at New York could possibly occur. We are not now concerned with the immediate issue of the inquiry. How far the specific charges against the defendant have been substantiated is in itself a question of very little consequence, and one into which we are certainly not disposed to enter. Whatever may be the truth as to particular incidents, Mr. BEECHER'S own account of himself is sufficient to show what

sort of a man he is, and what is the nature of the religious influence which he disseminates among his flock; and it is unnecessary to follow out the subject in all its details. It is more important to observe the light which the case throws on some peculiarities of American temperament and feeling, as displayed in the manner of the trial and the attitude of the public in regard to it. The mere fact that a man in Mr. BEECHER'S position should be for a moment exposed to suspicion is of course very shocking; and it might have been supposed that there would be a general desire to dispose as quietly and quickly as possible of allegations which, whether true or false, could not fail to have a very disturbing and injurious effect on the public mind, and that in any case the inquiry would be conducted with becoming gravity. Instead of this, everybody has apparently conspired to spin out the proceedings as far as possible, and to invest them with a spurious and sensational interest. First there was the Church inquiry, and the voluminous correspondence in the newspapers. Then, before the trial actually began, a week or two was spent by the counsel on each side in examining at great length the persons summoned as jurors as to whether they had formed any opinion on the case, or were likely to be prejudiced by their religious or social views, or their own domestic relations; and thus there was a preliminary inquiry into the personal history of a large number of people, which was found very amusing. The speeches and the evidence have also been made the most of in a similar way; and as if this were not enough, the newspapers have freely given their opinions on the progress of the case, and offered evidence of their own. The point at issue is in itself a very simple one, and the testimony bearing on it might have been easily compressed within a small compass; but then everybody had agreed that this was to be a great trial, and that the utmost amount of display and excitement must be got out of it. The public expected to have its curiosity well tickled, and the performers in the case, on their part, were determined to lose no opportunity of showing themselves off to the greatest advantage.

Accordingly the examination of witnesses, instead of being strictly confined to the facts of the case, has been made to include almost everything under the sun. Most Americans in the course of their lives pass through a variety of occupations, and when their private life is minutely gone into, as it was in this case, they have a good deal to tell. Witnesses were also exhaustively probed as to their religious opinions, and indeed a considerable part of the evidence is made up of theological speculations. One witness was requested to give "an estimate of the ability and educational acquirements of Mrs. WOODHULL and Colonel BLOOD," who were really not connected with the case at all. As for TILTON, he was subjected to such a cross-examination in regard to every part of his career that it might almost have been supposed that it was the plaintiff who was being tried and not the defendant. Mr. BEECHER himself naturally played a very conspicuous part, and not only his evidence, but his way of sitting in Court, in the midst of his family, his little quips and jokes, his varying attitudes and gestures, and even his sniffs and sneezes, seem to have been found as good as a play. Indeed when we read the report of his performance on the witness-stand, one might almost fancy it related to a new actor combining the qualities of SALVINI and TOOLE. When asked to define the growth of Mrs. TILTON'S religious character, he gave an answer which, we are told, "was so full of thought and beauty as to excite much admiration in the Court-room"; and when he denied that he had been guilty of any improprieties, "the audience indulged in a long-continued burst of applause." "His voice, clear and distinct, was raised to the highest pitch; he threw back his head, and his cheeks were flushed with feeling and pride." In describing an interview with TILTON, Mr. BEECHER did so in a dramatic manner, giving "a ludicrously perfect imitation of TILTON'S tones and gestures." We are also told how, when he went to get the letter of retraction from Mrs. TILTON, he found her dressed in white on a white bed, her arms folded on her breast, her face like snow, and looking like one dead though alive, and "the narrative was given with the most exquisite tenderness and pathos." "Every word told," and when in one part Mr. BEECHER'S voice broke, and his eyes filled with tears, "ladies in the audience, and some of the jury also, cried; it was a triumph for the defendant."



It is impossible to read the reports of the trial with which the American newspapers have for some months been flooded without feeling that there must be something essentially unsound in the constitution of a society which delights to gorge itself day by day with such loathsome garbage, which treats the suspected wickedness of a popular preacher as a good bit of gossip, and prostitutes the forms of justice to the purposes of mere personal display and popular amusement. It would appear that public opinion on the whole, though it has had fluctuations, is on the side of Mr. BEECHER; not that he is generally believed to be innocent, but simply because people are tickled by his histrionic effrontery, and by the way in which he makes himself interesting; and his counsel has also helped him in this respect by recalling the dark days of the war, when BEECHER grappled with an infuriated foreign aristocracy on its own soil. It does not appear that anybody takes what he says very seriously, but his smartness is irresistible. Since the scandal arose the attendance at Plymouth Church on Sundays and on lecture nights has immensely increased, and the preacher is almost buried in gifts of flowers for his platform. Whenever there has been any particularly suggestive evidence in court there has been a rush to church to see how the pastor took it. After Mrs. MOULTON's disclosures, for instance, Mr. BEECHER preached on meekness, and the crowd not only filled the church, but blocked the surrounding streets. He read, we are told, the Thirty-seventh Psalm, "investing it with all the charms of studied elocution, and placing a significant inflection upon every sentence that seemed to relate to his own troubles"; and then he went on to improve the occasion with greasy unction, arguing of course that chastening was a sign of Divine love. Among his illustrations of the advantages of meekness, he recommended the policy of a creditor who takes his debtor to DELMONICO's, and gives him the best dinner that money can buy, telling him he means to stand by him and see him through, though of course without meaning anything of the kind, and then persuades him to give him an advantage over other creditors; and this seems to have been much enjoyed by the audience. All these lectures and sermons are now reported at full length in the papers, along with the proceedings of the trial; and, in fact, Mr. BEECHER has never filled the stage to the same degree as during the last few months.

The general drift of Mr. BEECHER's gospel seems to be that it does not much matter what a man does as long as he is full of spiritual fervour and love for his fellow-creatures; and in his own case he certainly appears to have carried charity to its extreme limits in his intercourse with the persons whom he accuses of conspiring to ruin him. It was at the end of 1870 that TILTON wrote to him requiring, "for reasons of which he was explicitly aware," to resign the pastorate of Plymouth Church; but down to just before the recent explosion he remained on not only friendly, but even affectionate, terms with his accusers, TILTON and MOULTON. He calls MOULTON's conduct "god-like," and TILTON "one of the most delicate and generous of men," and there is not the slightest trace in his interviews with them of any indignation at the imputation of infamous conduct, or even any attempt to deny it. All he asks is that the story shall be kept secret; and it is only after he finds that TILTON and others have been tattling, and that there is no longer any chance of its being suppressed, that he assumes the high moral tone. No adequate explanation has been given of the tone of hopeless despair in which he pleaded for hushing up the scandal; but still more significant is his fondling of his traducers. One day he embraced TILTON and kissed him on the mouth; another time they "fell into an easy and unbusinesslike chat," and BEECHER says he sat down on TILTON's knees "to make the appeal closer," and, Mrs. TILTON coming in, they kissed all round. It is difficult to imagine anything more revolting to a healthy mind than such endearments between people in such peculiar relations to each other; but the same sickly and unnatural emotionalism characterizes their whole intercourse. Mr. and Mrs. TILTON, it should be remembered, were both pet pupils of Mr. BEECHER, and appropriate fruits of his teaching and example.

A writer in the *Times* lately spoke with hopeful expectancy of "the strange upheavings of American thought," and of the advantage which our benighted country would be likely to gain from a system of "moral telegraphy" with the other side; but the disclosures of this case may perhaps suggest some doubts on the subject. The sort of sickly sentimentality and morbid excitement which

has been manifested by the whole of the set under the influence of the Plymouth pulpit demonstrates clearly enough the baneful results of an artificial system of religion which has for its object rather the titillation of the emotions than the steady pursuit of sober piety. The freaks of erotic fervour under religious disguises are by no means novel, and require to be guarded against at the outset. "Do men," asked WESLEY, in dealing with a similar epidemic in his own day, "gather from this amorous way of praying, 'or this luscious way of preaching righteousness, any real holiness?' Any one who studies the revelations of this trial can have no difficulty in answering the question.

#### THE ART OF CONTROVERSY.

DAVID HUME, whatever may have been his other merits or defects, had the genuine shrewdness of his nation, and he never gave a greater proof of the quality than in laying down the rule that he would never answer his antagonists. The temptation in any particular case is often almost overwhelming. You have made a statement, which is, of course, absolutely right and perfectly clear. Some provoking opponent puts forth what he very absurdly takes to be an answer. It is either palpably wrong, in which case it is hard to give up the triumph of smiting him hip and thigh, or it has an awkward, though delusive, appearance of being right, in which case it seems to be a duty to disabuse the public mind and a comfort to set yourself right. But in either case it is exceedingly difficult to know when to stop if you once begin; and the true moral is, that you should make a fixed compact with yourself to stop before you begin. Anybody who has paid much attention to controversial writing will observe how invariably the whole merits of the case come out in the first blows. The original statement and the reply sum up all that can really be said. The succeeding arguments grow weaker and more diffuse like successive echoes. In the good old days when the tradition of scholastic debates still lingered amongst controversial writers, each combatant would frequently embody the whole of his antagonist's book in his reply. He fancied that an answer could not be satisfactory unless he showed, paragraph by paragraph, how every statement on the other side could be unravelled and confuted. Some very forcible treatises—as, for example, Chillingworth's celebrated defence of Protestantism—have been composed on this principle. But, after the first thrust and parry, the method became intolerable. Each book had to include all the preceding books; they increased in geometrical progression, and the reply to the answer to the treatise, or, still worse, the answer to the reply to the answer to the treatise, became simply intolerable. The temptation to give an exhaustive answer by going through every paragraph of your opponent's writings was very intelligible; but the hope of being really exhaustive was altogether delusive. The assailant is always under a certain disadvantage. The first writer states his view in the order which makes it most logically coherent. The second has to deal with it, not in the order which commends itself to him, but in that which commends itself to his opponent. He is operating, to use the strategical phrase, upon external lines, and is forced to explain his own view by piecemeal. The confusion thus produced generally increases at every subsequent reply; until the subject gets into a hopeless entanglement, which will only disappear when it is stated anew without reference to the ins and outs of the discussion. Moreover, the advantage of giving a systematic reply is altogether overrated. A good argument once turned loose upon the world may be trusted to take care of itself. It will not affect people who are shielded from its influence by the habit of referring to different principles and applying a different method. But it sets up a fermentation in the minds to which it is congenial; and the only effect of answering it, however satisfactorily, is generally to call more attention to the subject, and therefore to make the action more certain and rapid. If some foolish person sets up an utterly erroneous theory, a clever writer may perhaps make its folly manifest, but it is only in the rarest of cases that he will be able summarily to extinguish it. There are a great many foolish persons in the world; what commends itself to one will commend itself to others; and the mere fact that somebody holds an opinion has a persuasive effect upon his like which cannot be nullified by logical deterrents. In fact, the whole theory of controversial writing depends upon the untenable assumption that men's opinions are chiefly determined by logic. It may be that in the long run the fallacy of an opinion may cause its decay; there is one more point against it in the struggle for existence; but the run may be very long indeed; and in many cases the fallacy is precisely the cause of its general acceptance. By demonstrating the fallacy, indeed, people who have minds may be deterred from taking it up; but the great mass who have none will simply discover that the opinion is congenial to their feelings, and will leave the logic to take care of itself. When an opinion has once been vigorously expressed and its grounds clearly stated, all has generally been done that can be done to secure its acceptance; and it is superfluous to attempt to expose the fallacy of every objection that can be raised against it from opposite points of view.

Hume's rule seems, therefore, to be generally sound; but of course it should not be interpreted in such a sense as to exclude

all controversy. To abandon controversy would be to destroy some of the most vigorous performances in literature. Some men of first-rate power cannot write properly unless they are stimulated by the presence of an antagonist. They require to aim at a living mark. Burke would not have hit the revolutionary principles so hard if he had not been irritated by Tom Paine, Dr. Price, and the Duke of Bedford. Swift's patriotism would have run to seed if the principles which he detested had not been incarnated in English Ministers. Personal antipathy is a great force, with which, in a literary sense, it is quite impossible to dispense. So far from forbidding himself to attack any individual, it would probably be a good rule for most writers that they should always have in their minds some concrete representative of the hostile creed. Dr. Newman's record of his intellectual development might never have been produced, and could hardly have been so animated, if he had not written under the sense of an unjust imputation. It is, we may say, a general law that opinion should be developed by antagonism, and therefore the controversial element must always be of primary importance in the literature of speculation. The true rule is that, though we may answer a man, we should never answer an answer. The duel should be limited to a couple of shots. After that, the aim is certain to become wild, and ammunition is wasted without any corresponding result. If a man is forced by circumstances to continue a controversy, as may sometimes happen, his best plan is simply to restate his old views as simply and dogmatically as possible. If he once allows himself to be entangled in the labyrinth of a recurring controversy, he may be quite sure that the interest taken in his performances will become weaker at every succeeding exhibition.

The doctrine may be illustrated by the ordinary fate of a *vis à vis* discussion in a mixed company. Conversation, according to some people, is a lost art; and one reason is that, as society grows larger, we are brought into contact with people upon whose sympathies we cannot count. The audience is so heterogeneous that we do not know how our words will tell. Dr. Johnson himself, if he returned from the grave, could not hit out freely when he might be sitting between a Positivist on one side and an Ultramontanist on the other. The consequence is that anything like a serious argument is almost a breach of courtesy. If a dozen people meet, the chances are that there are among them a dozen different systems of opinion. A discussion becomes hopelessly complicated almost as soon as it has arisen. A difference on some trifling point is really indicative of a whole series of differences on the most vital questions in the background. An argument is only profitable when the antagonists hold some doctrines in common. Two believers in Mr. Mill's theories may argue with some cogency as to the precise degree of recognition which should be given by immediate legislation to the theory of woman's rights. But if one disputant follows Mr. Mill and the other sits at the foot of Cardinal Manning, it very soon becomes evident that each disputant requires not so much to confute as to educate his opponent. No prospect of agreement exists until the very first principles assumed by one have triumphed over the first principles assumed by the other. And to upset a first principle satisfactorily it is necessary to modify the way of contemplating all the consequences which depend upon it. It is a pleasant belief that, if you can destroy the axioms upon which a chain of reasoning depends, you destroy the value of every link in the chain. But, though true in logic, nothing is less true in practical controversy. A man who has been accustomed always to regard a question from one particular point of view cannot be persuaded to look at it from another simply because his admissions bind him in consistency to do so. The first laws of motion, he agrees, may be true, but he has always thought of the sun as going round the earth, and he will continue to do so, however rigid the logical demonstration by which the opposite theory may be connected with the admitted truths. And therefore any controversy, however trifling, goes on spreading when it has once been started, until we see that we have not only to provide our antagonist with his first principles, but to establish our deductions step by step, and then to perform the still harder task of inducing his imagination to follow his reason. A man who would clear his neighbour's mind of a prejudice fancies that he has only to pull up a weed, but finds that he has really got hold of one end of a whole network of roots, and that he is in fact trying to pull down a tree. In society we give up the effort, if we are wise; and content ourselves with implanting a sting in our neighbour's mind, not of course with the intention of revenging ourselves, but with the charitable hope that the heaven may work in the course of time. We should act on the same principle in more elaborate controversy. It is hopeless to attempt to meet our adversaries at all points, and to clear off all possible misconceptions. The secret of success is to confine the argument to the smallest possible number of issues; to state the leading principles as simply as possible; and then, if necessary, to go on stating them over and over again. If anybody has the courage to drill some lesson into the public mind in season and out of season, and never to be afraid of becoming a bore, he will end by converting all convertible people. Argument, of course, is a very agreeable employment for those who are fond of displaying intellectual ingenuity; and, as many men are content to spend a great part of their lives in playing whist or inventing mathematical puzzles, there is no reason why they should not spend labour in constructing elaborate philosophical arguments. It amuses them and does little harm to anybody. But, for purposes of conversion, arguments should not consist of more than one vigorous assertion.

A man of one idea is the man who really wins disciples. If he can get hold of a single doctrine, concentrate it in a good telling phrase, and harp upon it whenever he gets a chance, he will attract hearers as the magnet attracts the particles of iron in a dust-heap. But if he permits himself to diverge into the infinite number of subsidiary questions that can be raised, he must be content to write for philosophers—that is, for one person in a million; and his opinions will be confined to them till he finds a less ambitious interpreter.

#### SOCIAL DISTINCTION.

ONE of the most curious features of modern life is perhaps the struggle which goes on between personal comfort and social ostentation. The writer in the last number of the *Contemporary Review* who signs himself "Etonensis," and whose identity under any signature would be sufficiently apparent, remarks very truly that English society is just now passing under some very subtle, yet vital, changes. "It must never be forgotten," he says, "that wealth is now in England no longer the possession of a few, but rather what may be termed a 'drug.' That is to say, it is diffused through a circle so much extended, and so fast extending, that to be wealthy does not of itself satisfy; and the keenness of the unsatisfied desire, aspiring selfishly, not to superiority, but rather to the marks of superiority, seeks them above all in the shape of what we term social distinction." There can be no doubt that this is an accurate picture of what is now going on on every side; and it certainly suggests some very painful reflections as to the sufferings which a great many worthy persons, whose only fault is to be very rich, have to undergo as the penalty of their position. It is not enough to have plenty of money, but some means must be found for exhibiting it, so that all the world may see and do homage accordingly. The immense development of various industries in recent years, the increase in the value of land and houses, and the tendency to free expenditure on the part of almost all classes of the population, have led to the accumulation of a vast amount of wealth in the hands of people many of whom are very ill qualified to enjoy it. They have for the most part passed their lives in absorbing occupations of a vulgar kind, which have left them very little opportunity for acquiring either social or intellectual culture; and all the higher ideals of existence are consequently beyond them. If they could only contrive to live in an easy, natural way, it might perhaps be well with them; but then they would be hiding their light under a bushel, and what is the good of having a light unless you show it and get credit for it? And here comes in the misery of the thing, the obligation of display. Once upon a time wealth was in itself a distinction, but now it is a drug in the market, and there are so many rich people that distinction depends, not on the mere fact of their riches, but on the extent to which they can manage to make a display of them. Where there used to be hundreds of rich people there are now thousands, and there can of course be no distinction in one man in a mob being exactly like the rest. He must do something to mark himself out; and in doing this the man of wealth is exposed to the keen competition not only of people as full of money as himself, but of others who by a little dexterity are able to make a good show at a more moderate cost. Superiority is of course not an absolute, but only a comparative thing, and wealth in itself has been levelled by its commonness. There is, however, as "Etonensis" has pointed out, a difference between superiority in any of its genuine forms, such as belong to the nature of the man, and not to the accident of his money, and those "marks of superiority" which enjoy a conventional currency; and the latter are to a certain extent within the reach of all who can afford to pay for them. Rich folk can compete for anything that finds its way into the market, and most things do so nowadays. Though they may be hopelessly ignorant of art, they can buy coloured canvases by the mile, and masterpieces of earthenware rubbish by the hundred. They may know nothing about books, but they can give an order to some dealer to furnish what is known to the trade as a gentleman's library. By a judicious expenditure in local ground-bait they can generally get a seat in the House of Commons; and by a devoted attention to Parliamentary business on the right side there is always a chance of a baronetcy—for even soap-boilers are turning up their noses at knighthood—or in the end a peerage. All this, however, requires more than mere pocket liberality; and, in fact, it may almost be said that the display of wealth, which for most people alone makes wealth worth having, involves infinitely more drudgery and anxiety than the acquisition of it. It is difficult to imagine a more pitiful existence than that spent by unhappy people of this class in a desperate and tumultuous struggle with each other for artificial badges of social distinction. They feel bound to parade themselves everywhere, to hoist as many marks of distinction as they can purchase or snatch at, and yet there is such a throng of others like themselves that, after all their efforts, they are lost in the rack.

As an instance of the prevailing passion for display at any cost of expenditure or suffering, "Etonensis" takes the growing crush at Court. Going to a *Levee* or a *Drawing-room* is a method of obtaining an official certificate of a certain degree of social standing. It is a "mark of superiority," and there is consequently a rush to claim it. As yet, indeed, it is not quite everybody who has a right to this glorious privilege; and, so far, the



citizens of this country are behind those of the United States, all of whom, without exception, are entitled to walk into the White House, and not only to take a good look at the President, but to shake hands with him. Judging, however, from the sort of people who now compose a large part of the regular crowd at the Court, any traces of the old exclusiveness may soon be expected to disappear. In former days the people who went there formed a comparatively small circle, and were more or less on a footing of personal intimacy with the Sovereign; and the rest of the world was content to remain outside the sacred precincts, knowing indeed that it had very little chance of admission. All this has been changed, and everybody of an aspiring turn of mind, every provincial manufacturer who has set up an estate, and all the small fry of clerics in the public offices, now swell the mixed gathering at the Palace gates. "Etonensis" argues that this is a mark of respect to the Sovereign; but it may be suspected that what actuates most of the company is mainly a desire to be advertised in the *Times*. Jones goes to Court in order to prove to the world that he is as good as Smith, and better than Robinson. And this indeed is very much the reason why Jones, since his lucky hit in pickles, goes into Parliament to sit out wearisome debates till all hours in the morning; keeps a big house which is constantly full of strange company, who do not know, and do not want to know, their host; takes his wife and daughters to other parties, where they are squeezed and suffocated on the stairs; and goes to be broiled with them in an open carriage in the dusty block of the afternoon drive. It can hardly be supposed that poor Jones enjoys his way of life, but then it is a mark of superiority.

It must be admitted that the case of this unfortunate and increasing class is deserving of sincere compassion. There is no harm in making money, and it would even be unfortunate for the community if the desire for it should be discouraged by the discovery that, in the glut of the article, it is of comparatively little value, at least socially, to the people who have got it. If any means could be devised by which rich people could be provided with social recognition without having to go through so much toil and discomfort in order not only to secure but to keep it, it would undoubtedly lead to a great reduction in the amount of human suffering, and we may also say humiliation. But apart from this unhappy class themselves, there is another side to the subject. It is impossible not to contemplate without some alarm the consequences of a rush of rich people, without education, taste, or the capacity of appreciating anything above the common level of a life given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement, into the various fields of art and cultivated refinement. As it is, a deplorable impulse has been given to the demand for pictures suited to the capacity of persons who have no love for art, and whose only aim is to get talked about on account of what they buy. The same remark applies to the collections of china and pottery which are now being turned out all over the country, and the bulk of which is either spurious or in a bad style. All this may be a fine thing for the dealers, but it is very sad for the future of the aesthetic life of England. On every side we see art corrupted and debased, and the higher influences of social intercourse paralysed by an inroad of ignorant people who scatter their money without knowledge or discretion, and for the sole purpose of vulgar ostentation. If the present competition continues, it is really hard to say where it will stop. At present, for example, most people who have a carriage are content with a pair of horses, which is indeed as many as under ordinary circumstances are consistent with convenience and comfort; yet there would certainly be more display in four or six. Lord Malmesbury once congratulated the House of Lords on the fact that noblemen had ceased to be oppressed by the parade of rank, and were not expected to drive up to town in a coach and six; but there are already some indications that the pomp which the aristocracy have discarded may be picked up by the plutocracy as the last chance of acquiring some kind of distinction. Four horses are already becoming the rage, and once the fashion sets in, there is no telling where the limit will be found. It must, of course, be dreadfully uncomfortable to ride about at the tail of a team, and locomotion will be dreadfully impeded, but still, as a means of display, it may prove fatally attractive to a certain class of millionaires.

Under these circumstances it certainly becomes a serious question whether some way cannot be discovered of enabling the possessors of this glut of wealth to obtain relief from it without inflicting so much injury on others and so much painful effort on themselves. Their great object being to get their wealth declared and blazoned forth to the world; it may be suggested that this could be accomplished by some simple process of registration. It cannot be doubted, for example, that everybody concerned in Court receptions, not excluding the most august, would be just as well pleased if personal attendance could be dispensed with. After all, what people want is chiefly to get their names in the papers; and it would perhaps be sufficient if a list of those who passed the Lord Chamberlain's scrutiny were published from time to time. Her Majesty would thus lose the chance of seeing some very funny-looking people, but the relief from fatigue might be deemed a sufficient compensation. The principle, however, is capable of extension much beyond Levees and Drawing-rooms. The unhappy people, for instance, who are, or choose to suppose they are, condemned to exhibit themselves every afternoon in Hyde Park, might, on producing evidence to the proper authority that they had a carriage at such a price, and with such and such armorial bearings, and so

many horses, with harness to match, be allowed to have these facts published to the world in some official form. Indeed there might be a general *Libro d'oro*, or register of rich folk, by which their pecuniary importance might be authoritatively made known without giving them any trouble. They could then go about in a plain ordinary way, such as they had been accustomed to in earlier years, ask only such people to dinner as they really cared to see, and avoid the snares of the touts and dealers who are the parasites of uneducated wealth. Different classes of incomes might be indicated by distinctive badges—a little ribbon would do, in the style of the Legion of Honour, only in various colours; and then everybody would be able to see at once how much the wearer was worth. A public competition of this kind might also prove highly advantageous to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for it has been observed that hitherto some of those who are most anxious to make a display of wealth in social life are apt to be exceedingly modest when they fill up their Income-tax papers. But if the latter were published, that would no doubt make a difference. "Etonensis," who is believed to have a pretty fancy for fiscal novelties, might perhaps work out the idea during his present leisure.

#### THE OWSTON INSCRIPTION.

WHEN, a year and more ago (*Saturday Review*, May 30, 1874), we tried to put together a theory of the use of titles and conventional honorary epithets, we did not look forward to the strife which has since been waged about one particular honorary epithet. And when, somewhat later (August 22, 1874), we spoke our mind about this latter case, we hardly looked forward to see it brought up for a solemn decision in a court even of ecclesiastical law. For it is exactly the kind of question which lies beyond the proper sphere of law. Even if, by any ingenuity, it can be brought within the scope of any written enactment, it is practically much better that it should not be brought within its scope. It is a dispute about a mere epithet; but it is something more than a dispute about a mere epithet. All kinds of questions and controversies which have really nothing to do with the matter could not fail to be raised, and, in point of fact, have been raised, as soon as the point at issue has once been stirred. Many of the comments on the matter are in themselves absurd enough, but they are the kind of comments which were certain to be raised as soon as the question was stirred at all. And we cannot keep down a little feeling of satisfaction that, if all parties had adopted the doctrine of titles and epithets which we tried to lay down last year, the question never could have been stirred at all. For our rule was that, whether a Wesleyan minister is or is not entitled to the epithet of Reverend, no man, Wesleyan minister or other, should call himself Reverend. He should wait for other people to call him so; that is, he should not himself demand the reverence of other people, but should wait for other people to offer it to him of their free will. According to our rule, the question could not occur in the form in which it has occurred. It might have occurred about the tombstone of the Wesleyan minister himself; it could not have occurred about the tombstone of the Wesleyan minister's daughter. For, on the minister's tomb, his children or friends would be looked on as speaking, and as, perhaps not unnaturally, claiming the reverence of others for the deceased; while, on his daughter's tombstone, the minister himself must be looked on as speaking, and as claiming reverence for himself while yet living. If modern inscriptions would only follow the simplicity and modesty of ancient ones, questions of this kind could not arise.

The judgment of the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln certainly does not strike us as a model of a legal judgment. There is no vigour or decision about it, and it seems to drag in as much as possible of the kind of matter which ought to be kept out of such a document. What can the opinions of John Wesley, and the rules which he laid down for the preachers of his society, have to do with the inscription on the Owston tombstone? It is quite certain that Wesley told his preachers not to call themselves "Reverend," or "ministers," or anything of the kind. And this fact is one which may fairly enough be brought up in theological controversy with the Wesleyans. It is perfectly fair to say, You call yourselves followers of John Wesley, and yet you do the very things which John Wesley especially told you not to do. But what has the teaching of Wesley to do with the law as to the tombstone? "It was urged," says the Chancellor, "that the assumption of the title was in contravention of the teaching of John Wesley, the founder of the Wesleyans, and of the rules of the Wesleyan Conference." And the Chancellor himself goes on to discuss the teaching of Wesley, and the position of Wesley, as if they had something to do with the matter in hand. Now that a thing was done in contravention of the teaching of John Wesley, or of the rules of the Wesleyan Conference, may doubtless be good ground of accusation before the Wesleyan Conference, but what can the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln have to do with such questions? He is not set there to judge Wesleyan law, and if questions of Wesleyan law are brought before him, he may fairly play Gallio, and say that he will be no judge of such matters. Or, if he likes to take up a higher ecclesiastical tone, he may say with St. Paul that it is not his business to judge them that are without, having enough to do to judge them that are within. As the case appears in the judgment, all that Mr. Phillimore had to decide was whether the inscription was contrary to law.

Another very important point does not seem to have turned up in the case—namely, what the rights of the incumbent with regard to inscriptions in the churchyard really are. Can he shut out an inscription which contains nothing contrary to sound law or sound theology, but which is objectionable on the ground of mere silliness or ugliness? The ground on which Mr. Phillimore decided against the inscription seems to have been that it was likely to disseminate doctrines contrary to those of the Church of England; that it might lead people to think that the Church of England looked on a Wesleyan minister as a lawful minister of the Word and Sacraments. In so doing he stumbles on an objection which strikes us as really more to the point than the objection which was really taken. Mr. Phillimore doubts whether the word “minister” was not open to objection as well as the word “reverend.” We should have said that from Mr. Phillimore’s point of view the word “minister” was far more open to objection than the word “reverend.” The word “minister” has a meaning, the word “reverend” really has none. In the language of the Church of England the word “minister” means a lawfully ordained bishop, priest, or deacon, and to allow a man to be called a minister might seem to imply an acknowledgment of him as bishop, priest, or deacon. But the epithet “reverend” really means nothing. It is a mere epithet of courtesy, which is nowhere used in the formulas of the Church, except once, where it is not used exactly according to the rules of modern courtesy. As a mere title of courtesy, it is incapable of legal definition; and it is merely modern usage which gives it to every clergyman, and to nobody but clergymen. What would Mr. Phillimore have said to an inscription in which the epithet was given to a judge? which was once not unusual. We really do not understand what the Chancellor means—and perhaps we ought to give him the benefit of a probably puzzled reporter—when he is made to say, “The inscription did not run as if that were a mere claim of the title by that gentleman; it stated his title as a fact.” “If the inscription had been worded in any way which should show that that was an asserted title, he would have strained a point in his favour and issued a citation.” We understand him better when he asks, “whether the authorities of a church in Westminster could be compelled to describe a Roman Catholic prelate as Archbishop of Westminster.” The Chancellor says distinctly that he sees “no substantial distinction between such a case and that before him.” Now surely the analogous case would be if Mr. Keet had been described not simply as Wesleyan minister, but as Bishop or Rector of Lincoln or Owston, or some other place in the diocese. But it is plain that both the promoters of the suit and the Chancellor himself were much more troubled at the word “reverend” than they were at the word “minister.” This shows how thoroughly all matters of this kind have become matters of feeling and habit rather than of law or of principle of any kind. The word “minister,” the use of which might possibly be taken as implying a theological admission, passes almost unchallenged; the Chancellor speaks of it merely by the way. This is because everybody is familiar with the phrase “Wesleyan minister”—because many would even use the word “minister” with a little tinge of contempt as distinguished from “clergyman”—while it is about the mere epithet “reverend” which implies nothing, and does not commit anybody to anything, that the uproar really arises.

The plain truth of the matter is that the whole thing is simply silly from beginning to end. Perhaps there are still—there certainly were a few years ago—several people who claimed and received the epithet of “honourable,” though they certainly had in strictness no right to it. Would any dispute have arisen if any of them had been called “honourable” on a tombstone? And what of the far more serious case of the church where the curious may see a succession of tablets in memory of persons described as Earls of Banbury, though the House of Lords had distinctly rejected their claim to that title? The whole thing is foolish and trifling, and Mr. Phillimore has certainly not dealt with it in a way to make matters better. At the same time there is no need for such an outburst as that of the *Times* about “gratuitous wrong,” about “a decision injurious to the whole Dissenting community,” about “odium theologicum,” and how “every Churchman in whom religious rancour has not extinguished the germs of human feeling will have been shocked at the treatment to which Mr. Keet has been subjected.” We are quite unconscious of any religious rancour towards anybody, but “shocked” is rather a big word for the feeling of annoyance awakened by mere silliness on both sides. We dare say the tombstone is ugly enough anyhow, and we are sure that the awkward epithet must have made the inscription look, as it makes a title-page look, yet uglier than it would have looked without it. Instead of the thunder of the *Times*, we are more inclined to agree with the judgment of the *Morning Post*, though it does sound a little in the style of Mr. Ready-to-Halt. It certainly is “a somewhat painful instance of much ado about nothing”; but one cannot help laughing at the solemn way in which the same paper goes on to discuss the history of honorary epithets, a subject which the *Morning Post* at any rate ought to have at its fingers’ ends:—

No doubt the word reverend was originally used only of persons who had been episcopally ordained, simply because in those days none were ordained in any other way. But after the rise of Puritanism, as the result of Cranmer’s encouraging the immigration of German reformers, the title came to be used towards all ministers alike, whether episcopally ordained or not, and thus it has become a sort of accepted designation for persons who by their own co-religionists are considered to be set apart for the ministry.

The *Morning Post* would really seem to think that a fixed system of conventional epithets had existed, like the Koran, from all eternity. If people, especially clergymen, could only understand how very modern and how very meaningless they are, they would hardly be so touchy about them; but it is certain that the *Post* is quite right when it goes on to say that the epithet of “reverend” implies no priestly office, and does not clash with any claims of the Church of England clergy.

The whole thing however may, from another point of view, be looked at more seriously. It is an illustration of the odd position of a national Church which in legal theory is held to be co-extensive with the nation, but which in point of fact is far from being so. The strange thing is that there should be people who do not frequent the church while living, who act as ministers of rival religious bodies, but who still wish to use the churchyard for themselves or their dead friends. The thing is perfectly natural under the circumstances—that is, one can easily see how it came about—but it is none the less strange in itself. The daughter of the Wesleyan minister must, we conceive, have been buried in the churchyard, with the Church of England service read by the incumbent or by some other clergyman of the Church of England. As the Wesleyan minister wishes for the Church of England service for his daughter, he or his friends would most likely wish it for himself in the same case. Would it be refused? Could it be refused? Would any clergyman venture to press the natural interpretation of those canons which denounce *ipso facto* excommunication against a large class of people, among whom Wesleyan ministers can hardly fail to be reckoned? If he did venture to press it, would the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln or any other judge venture to bear him out in so doing? That is to say, the Wesleyan minister is, according to the canons, an excommunicated schismatic; and yet no one would venture to treat him as such in a matter far graver and much more a matter of principle than an inscription over a grave. If, notwithstanding his unauthorized and schismatical ministry, the Wesleyan minister is to be treated by the Church as a departed brother, it is absurd indeed to raise disputes about a conventional epithet on a tombstone.

#### RUMOURS OF RELIGIOUS WAR.

MONTALEMBERT used to call himself a son of the Crusaders, but in the days when his name was most widely known the idea of a new crusade would have been looked upon as the veriest craze of a disordered brain. A quarter of a century ago, four years before the outbreak of the Crimean war, and little more than ten years before the smouldering enmities of North and South broke into a flame in America, we were congratulating ourselves on the commencement of a new era of universal brotherhood and peace. War would henceforth be regarded as an obsolete form of barbarism; our swords were to be converted, if not exactly into ploughshares—for the agricultural interest was not in the ascendant just then—into scientific instruments of various kinds; “the railway and the steamship” were to be the symbols at once of advancing knowledge and cosmopolitan unity, and the banners of rival armies were to be furled, as the great poet of the day had sung, in the “parliament of man, the federation of the world.” The Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 was a kind of solemn pageant to commemorate the introduction of the reign of peace. And if war altogether was out of date, the last thing to be thought of was a religious war. Civilized society was expected henceforth to become very much what the late Sir Robert Peel described, in his famous address at the opening of the Tamworth Reading Room and Library—“an edifice in which men of all political opinions and all religious feelings may unite in the furtherance of knowledge, without the asperities of party feeling.” Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, Christian and Deist, had laid aside their immemorial feuds; or, as Lord Brougham expressed it in his lectures at Glasgow, “the evil spirits of tyranny and persecution which haunted the long night now gone down the sky were put to flight,” and the old dogmatic unity of the dark ages was being replaced by the nobler harmony of men who “agreed to differ” on all points of “controversial divinity,” and were all the better friends for the difference. Everybody, in short, of whatever creed or country, was to shake hands with everybody else all round; as the children say, we were all to kiss and be friends, and so to remain for all future time. On the abstract merits of this philosophy of comfortable optimism we make no comment here; but the anticipations it fostered can hardly be said to have been justified by the event. Within a few years from the period referred to, first the Old World and then the New were distracted by fierce and sanguinary conflicts, and wars no less destructive, in some cases far more so, have followed since. And it is curious that the religious element, supposed to have been discarded for ever, has been more or less prominent in all of them. The Holy Places formed at least the pretext of the quarrel between France and Russia; Abolition was distinctly used as a religious cry in America; the French invasion of Italy, and the Prussian invasion of France at a later date, were still more closely and directly mixed up with religious controversy. Never, in fact, could it be more truly said, in the cant phrase of a modern political school, that “the religious question is the order of the day.” In one sense of course this may be viewed as a ground of satisfaction. We are concerned, however, only with the fact just now as it bears on the possible danger of serious complications in the social and political order of the world.



The recent disturbances at Antwerp, to which we have elsewhere referred, supply one only out of many indications of the explosive condition of the elements with which the moral atmosphere is charged. In itself the affair looks insignificant enough, and the obvious comment it suggests is that the Government should have made up its mind from the outset which of two courses to adopt, and should have acted accordingly. Either public processions and pilgrimages should be forbidden, as used to be the case in France, or, if that is held to be inadvisable in so Catholic a country as Belgium, means should be taken to enforce such an observance of outward decorum as may protect those who take part in them from having their feelings outraged in a matter about which Roman Catholic believers are known to be peculiarly sensitive. It was obviously improper, and pretty sure to lead to a breach of the peace, to allow these Corpus Christi processions to parade the streets, and also to leave schoolboys of a sceptical or mischievous disposition at liberty to insult them; yet this was apparently the conclusion at which the Government had arrived in the first instance. But the real interest of the dispute lies deeper. Belgium may be considered, in a religious or theological sense, a sort of microcosm of Europe. The combustible elements which are elsewhere more or less held in solution are there precipitated. Any one who cares to examine the Parliamentary reports in the *Independence Belge* will easily apprehend what we mean. Language which Mr. Whalley would not for a moment be suffered to use at Westminster is habitually addressed by members of the Liberal party in the Belgian Chambers to an audience chiefly composed of ardent Ultramontanes, who of course are not slow to repay their adversaries in kind. Such terms as "crétin" and "infidel" represent the reciprocal amenities of debate, and the *odium theologium* is imported into what would seem at first sight the most irrelevant and purely secular discussions. The fortifications of Antwerp, for instance, were made for some years the chosen battle-ground of the Ultramontanes and their opponents. Now it must be remembered that all this occurs in a country distinguished by its Liberal institutions and its commercial activity, neither of which, therefore, afford any security against the extremes of religious or irreligious fanaticism. But if Belgium offers a typical, it is certainly not an isolated, instance of what has become one of the most prominent phenomena of the modern world. The suggestive, though somewhat intemperate, work of the Abbé Michaud, to which we called attention not long ago, contains abundant evidence of the state of religious tension in France. Since then the subject has been further illustrated by the *manifesto* of the Archbishop of Paris about the approaching festival of Margaret Alacoque and the foundation of the new church of the *Sacré Cœur*, and the angry criticisms upon it in the democratic press. And it may be worth while to refer in this connexion to one of the prophecies which have been so widely disseminated of late in France, and which undoubtedly express the aspirations, if not the convictions, of a large section of the population. It appeared originally in an Ultramontane organ entitled the *Rosier de Marie*, and expressly consecrated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and it disposes of the future of Europe in a manner equally gratifying and precise. Another war, we are informed, will ere long break out between France and Prussia. But meanwhile a Frenchman will have discovered a new and tremendous implement of warfare. The earlier incidents of the struggle are then narrated in detail, and we are told that on the eve of the decisive battle the Italians will demand the restoration of Nice, and will make their way as far as Lyons, but will promptly retreat on hearing of the Prussian defeat. The circumstances of the great battle are next minutely described. It ends in the complete rout of the Germans, with enormous slaughter, and their first army takes flight by Chalons, Thionville, and Cologne, till it reaches Königsberg. The second army is defeated on the Loire, and flies by way of Nancy and Metz; the third escapes through Alsace. The three victorious armies of France then combine and march together to Berlin, where papers are discovered seriously compromising Russia, Italy, and Spain. The armies therefore proceed to Königsberg, where the Russians are defeated, and sign a treaty of peace. "Prussia ceases to exist. Poland is restored. Austria gives up her Polish provinces, but is indemnified on the side of Greece. The borders of France are extended to Frankfurt, and embrace part of Bavaria. The Pope regains his rights. Italy is defeated and divided into three kingdoms. Towards the end of the Italian campaign the Pope dies. The legitimate princes are restored in Spain." A supplementary prophecy arranges the future of Switzerland, where also the persecuted Church triumphs. Switzerland retains its republican constitution, but is placed under the protection of the Holy Father. It is easy enough to laugh at this wild rodomontade, but a straw will show which way the stream is flowing, and some predictions help to secure their own fulfilment. The multiplication and fervent acceptance of these highly suggestive revelations among an excitable people smarting under the sense of recent humiliation at the hands, as they are continually reminded, of a Protestant and persecuting Power, do not promise well for the maintenance of peace. And if for a while there is a lull in the internal religious conflict in France, and the Liberals, as M. Michaud bitterly complains, are playing into the hands of the Ultramontanes, that is only because they are united for the moment in hatred of a common foe.

If we turn from France to Germany, there the religious contest is already in full swing. And however we may choose to apportion the immediate responsibility of its outbreak between the Courts of Rome and Berlin, both Powers are alike obeying the

impulse of a movement which they did not originate, and can only partially control. Pius IX. has no doubt contributed much during his long Pontificate to the Ultramontane reaction, but it had begun before his time, and even if his whole attitude had not been changed by the events of 1848, his early Liberalism could not have held out against it. Nor would Germany have long continued passive under the irritating pressure, both literary and political, of "Vaticanism," had Prince Bismarck done nothing to precipitate the crisis. In Italy the conditions of the conflict are varied, but the same causes lie at the root of it. And this is also true of Switzerland. Indeed the battle of rival faiths, or rival extremes, or of faith and unbelief, or by whatever name it may be called, which under different forms is agitating almost every country on the Continent, is a fact of European, not to say of world-wide, significance. And it gives plausibility at least to the fears or hopes of those who predict that the next great war will be distinctly a religious war.

The "streak of silver sea" which separates England from so many of the troubles of her neighbours counts of course for something here. And the character of our national history, which differs in so many important respects from that of every Continental State, counts for more. But still it does not need familiarity with the prophecies of "Cassandra" to discern that even here there are elements of theological discord which mark a state of feeling that would have been wholly strange and scarcely intelligible to our grandfathers. Secular knowledge and education, according to the most trusted luminaries of a past generation, were to be the panacea for all, or nearly all, the ills which flesh is heir to, and especially were to exalt men above the littleness and asperities "which ignorance and denominational separation had fostered." Perhaps some day it will be so; but meanwhile the liveliest asperities of a mediæval Council are most vividly recalled by the debates of a modern School Board. It would be easy to illustrate the same phenomenon from the literary organs of the most opposite schools of thought. But we have already said enough to prove that of England too it may fairly be said that "the religious question is the order of the day." That there is anything like the same intensity and antagonism of adverse forces here as in many Continental countries we are of course very far from affirming; but a perceptible change has taken place in this respect during the last twenty or thirty years, partly through the influence of some prominent persons who might be named, mainly through more general causes.

#### GLAMORGAN.

THE author of Murray's Handbook to the English and Welsh Cathedrals recommends the undertaking of short home tours in the spring, or even the winter. Perhaps, for the milder at least of these seasons, there is no better mode of testing the value of his counsel than a peaceful inroad into one of those Welsh counties whence of old the Celt issued forth to plunder the Saxon, and so originated that intimate association of "Welshman" and "thief" which has been an article of faith with us from our cradles. Amongst the counties of South Wales none is, for many reasons, equally suitable for this purpose with Glamorganshire. It combines to an exceptional extent the attractions of climate and scenery, hill and dale, seaboard and down, black country and green sward, busy life and sequestered sleepy hollow; it has a history in keeping with the riches of its soil and the undulations of its hill and valley; and, what is most to the tourist's purpose, it offers one or two excellent centres whence the whole county may be conveniently visited—centres where a man need neither starve nor feel lonely, and where civilization (which it is a mistake to leave behind us, if we can help it) is sufficiently present to ensure good postal communications, daily papers, and a choice of fairly modern means of locomotion. Bounded on the north by Brecknock, on the east by Monmouth, on the south by the Bristol Channel, and on the west and north-west by the bay and county of Carmarthen, it will be seen that the Englishman's access to Glamorganshire will ordinarily be by the eastern border; and for a brief tour of the whole district no better scheme can be devised than to start from Cardiff at the south-east, use the South Wales line *via* Llantrissant, Bridgend, and Briton Ferry as far as Neath, and then, unless time permits a divergence at Llandore to Swansea and Gower, which are an excursion of themselves, to work one's way to Merthyr Tydvil in the north-east of the county, through the beautiful and diversified scenery of the Vale of Neath. This latter part of the route will afford a taste, not only of charming river scenery, including several striking waterfalls, but also of the hilly regions of North Glamorgan, separated from the rest of the county by a chair of elevations running from east to west through its centre, from which to the sea is the Vale of Glamorgan, a rich undulating land divided by Swansea Bay from the kindred tract of Gower to the south-west. In the Vale of Glamorgan and in Gower the climate is mild enough for myrtle and arbutus to grow out of doors, and the air so healthful that Mr. Thoms ought to be banished thither for his scepticism, and with a view to realizing the remarkable longevity of the natives who breathe it. If in our present sketch we seem to slight the beauties of Gower, and only to notice in passing one of its archaeological features, this is by no means to be set down to indifference, but rather to an unfavourable reminiscence of Swansea, the starting-point for it. When last we

visited that place, the sickly smoke of the copper-works, and its baneful influence on everything in the shape of vegetation, were but scantily atoned for by decent accommodation at the inns. Very likely this may have been changed now, but, until we are sure of it, commend us rather to the eastern half of the county; and, in justification of this preference, let us suppose Cardiff to be our first resting place.

The town itself is worth a study, independently of its docks, and a good word is due to the clean broad streets, the well-kept public gardens, the free libraries, the Natural History Society, and other substantial tokens that those who take the lead and bear rule in this ancient borough are not indifferent to the bodily and mental health of the people. To a casual observer Cardiff contrasts somewhat strikingly in these respects with the inland and more purely Welsh town of Merthyr Tydvil. Greatly in favour of Cardiff is the facility it affords for turning your back upon the town and trade by half-a-dozen or more easy outlets. When the tourist has "done" the never-ending docks, he has but to take the steamer, and be transported to the breezy headland and fine Channel view of Penarth, from which the eye embraces Clevedon and Weston, with Flat Holmes and Steep Holmes in midsea between them. When he has visited the mixture of ancient and modern in Lord Bute's castle (approached direct from the top of High Street), and contrasted the Curthorse Tower, wherein the eyes of Robert Duke of Normandy were *not* put out, with Mr. Burgess's observatory or smoking-tower, which dwarfs and overtops every other tower, spire, or chimney, ecclesiastical or civil, in the environs, and which must have cost the Marquess of Bute a mint of money, with its marble steps and alabaster fittings; and when he has condoned the dubious harmony of the inhabited portion of the castle with the octagonal moated keep, on the score of the liberality which allows free access to the walks and ramparts tastefully planted with evergreens and affording charming prospects, he may track the meadows of the Taff to the cathedral of Llandaff. There he may feel thankful that the Vandals who a century ago proposed to substitute for the ruined presbytery, choir, and part of the nave, a quasi-Italian temple (the plan of which is to be seen in Mr. King's *Handbook to the Welsh Cathedrals*), were let and hindered in their barbarism, and that it was left to the present Dean, strongly and heartily supported, to consummate a real restoration, conservative of features in which it resembles Rheims and Ripon as to the west front, and the neighbouring cathedral of Hereford as regards the arch from the choir into the Lady Chapel. It is possible that when the builders of Llandaff, which was begun shortly after the completion of Hereford Cathedral, built this arch, that from the choir into the ambulatory beyond it at Hereford was in their minds. Externally the "Church on the Taff" is singularly beautiful, and exquisitely situated, whilst the deanery and the prebendal houses have so far given a tone to the modern architecture of the precincts that the surrounding village no longer strikes one as a straggling lot of cottages, but rather as a smiling suburb, where a delightful retirement might be realized under the shadow of the church. It is no fault of the restorers of Llandaff, but a result of the petty economies which clipped the revenues of the Welsh dioceses, and well nigh confiscated one of them, that, as at St. Asaph, and we suppose at St. David's and Bangor, but not as in English cathedrals, a dozen choristers, a single canon, and a single minor canon, with the verger and organist, represent the total staff engaged in the week-day services at Llandaff Cathedral. The fact that there is but one canon's house to "share and share about" seems to imply that "our rulers loved to have it so."

But to return to our starting-point, Cardiff. Before the Rhymney train starts for Caerphilly Castle there will be time to get a glimpse of St. John's Church, of which we are told that it was more than once designed to supplant and supersede Llandaff. This must have been in virtue of its external appearance, its high Perpendicular tower with graceful open battlements and pinnacles, and the elegance of the decorative moulding of the west door. Inside, St. John's is a dark dingy church, be-pewed and be-galleried in the once approved fashion; and its curious altar-tombs of the Herberts lie hidden, so to speak, in the gloom of the north aisle. The ruins of White Friars, a seat of these Herberts, are discoverable after a little search within the boundaries of the Sophia Park. In castles there is nothing in Glamorganshire to outdo Caerphilly, which can be reached by a railway trip of ten miles, and will amply repay the journey. In the extent which it covers this ruin reminds us of Ludlow or of Kenilworth, though its flat situation takes off from its grand proportions, and though the drying-up of the twofold moats diminishes the impression of the strength of this Edwardian castle when it was in its glory. That it held or needed the fabulous amount of live and dead stock said to have been found in it when the younger Despenser capitulated in 1327 is probably a figment based on the tradition of the arbitrary spoliation of the neighbourhood by the De Clares and Despensers, which, according to Nicholas's *Annals of South Wales* (ii. 538), made "gone to Caerphilly" a proverb for anything which was hopelessly lost. The main entrance was on the east by a raised causeway and pier of masonry detached in the middle of the moat, and fitted with drawbridges. The gate-house with a turret on either side, and surmounted by a tower of sixty feet, was guarded with portcullis, stockades, and loopholes in the turret walls. And, supposing this to have been taken by assault or treachery, another moat still insulated the main body of the castle proper, the outer gate of which has been crushed by the ruins of an inner gate-

house which has been split in twain, one half yet remaining erect while the other collapsed into the moat, by the same explosion which has caused that very striking feature of Caerphilly, its leaning tower. In the inner court or bailey the arrangements are very imposing—the great hall to the left, and the chapel east of it, the bold western gatehouse, the vaulted passage toward the moat, and the various offices. This castle has been most satisfactorily described by Mr. Clark of Dowlais. After Caerphilly, Castle Coch, which may be reached either by the Taff Vale Railway from Cardiff in six miles and a half, or by a walk across the hills to the left of the station from Caerphilly, is chiefly notable for its picturesque situation on an escarpment of mountain limestone, which contrasts with the red dolomite material whence it takes its name. The Red Castle must have powerfully commanded the mountain gorges and passes inland; otherwise it lacks the air of importance which characterizes Coity, near Bridgend—a fortress, like most of the Glamorgan castles, assigned by Robert Fitzhamon to one of the twelve knights, his comrades in arms, in the reign of William Rufus. Coity Castle is an extensive ruin with an outer and inner ballium and the usual outworks. Two blocks of buildings are remarkable, one for a fine portal, and the other for the remains of a stone vaulted hall with a vaulted passage beside it.

We must not bid adieu to Cardiff without noting that it has other sights within a walk, such as St. Mellon's Church to the east, and at no great distance from the railway to Newport on the left; St. Fagan's, with its castle-walls, church, and picturesque village on the Ely, and two famous cromlechs within some three miles of the last-named station, in St. Lythan's and St. Nicholas' parishes. Both these are on the Dyffryn estate. These stupendous remains of sepulchral chambers, no doubt originally covered by a tumulus, are of such proportions as make us marvel at the motive power and the vast amount of manual labour which it must have taken to place them *in situ*. The nearest, that at St. Nicholas, has a capstone 22 ft. 9 in. by 15 ft. 8 in. wide and 3 ft. 6 in. thick, supported at the east end by three props, the largest measuring 5 ft. 5 in. in height by 2 ft. 9 in. in width; at the west by a single prop 11 ft. 8 in. wide by 2 ft. 10 in. high; and on the north by another 13 ft. 8 in. by 5 ft. The other is less than a mile from it to the south, at no great distance from the curious little church of St. Lythan's, in a field almost opposite one of the lodges to Dyffryn, but so conspicuous that none could miss it. Its dimensions (for which, as for those of the other, we are indebted to a paper by Mr. W. J. Lukis in a recent number of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*) are:—"Height to top of capstone, 11 ft. 8 in.; length, 14 ft. 8 in. by 10 ft.; thickness, 2 ft. 6 in. The height of the south prop is 9 ft. 11 in. by 11 ft. 6 in., and thickness 1 ft. 6 in.; of the northern, 9 ft. 10 in. by 10 ft. wide and 1 ft. 9 in. thick; and of the western 7 ft. 6 in. high by 4 ft. 8 in. wide." It is to be observed (though we have not seen this noticed in the accounts of St. Lythan's cromlech) that the western prop has a round hole towards its top. Mr. Lukis mentions other cromlechs near Llantrissant on the South Wales line; and no visitor to Gower will dream of overlooking Arthur's Stone. At Llantrissant there is much to repay the tourist in vestiges of a British camp and an Edwardian castle, and the town is one of those old-world places where you would expect to find old charters and old municipal institutions, and which you would group with Llantwit, near Cowbridge, or with Kentig, near Bridgend and Pyle, except that it has not the old ecclesiastical traditions of the one, and has never suffered the sand deluges of the other. From Llantrissant we may take the branch line to Cowbridge, which is well worth a visit for its pleasant old-world aspect, its ancient walls and south gate, its church or chapel of ease with a north aisle to the chancel, and a south to the nave, and its neighbouring castles of St. Quentin's and Penlline. Thence might be made short and easy excursions to Llantwit and St. Donat's, to the remains of that architectural medley, Beaupré House, in which a travelled native mason blended Greek and Gothic styles, to Boverton, Dinland, and the Tressilian caves. But it were more prudent to push on, after rejoining the main line, to Bridgend, from which point the tourist may conveniently study a country of rare interest, and realize the architectural, traditional, and agricultural riches of the most interesting part of the Vale of Glamorgan. For instance, within an easy radius lie the beautiful trio of churches—Coity, Coychurch, and Ewenny. The last-named is especially interesting as a sample of a fortified ecclesiastical building, with massive military tower (its battlements pierced with cross-eyelets), and with an arcade on the west wall, a choir, and presbytery of the finest Norman work in Wales. The ruins of the conventual buildings are extensive, and the owner of the picturesque mansion on the site of them—the inheritor, in the female line, of the possessions of the original Turbervilles—is busy in the restoration of the church and abbey on the old lines. Of the other two churches, Coychurch is the finer, as it has aisles and buttresses which the other lacks; it has, too, a semi-military central Perpendicular tower, in which, as well as in choir and presbytery, it resembles Coity. But its peculiar beauties have been fully pointed out by Mr. Freeman in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*; and a sojourn at Bridgend were nothing without a visit to this trio of churches.

Not that the neighbourhood lacks other points of interest. The ruins of the castle at Bridgend are very inconsiderable, and so are those of Ogmere, save for its keep and fine situation; but there is such a curiously blended interest in the Castle of St. Donat's, standing out boldly at the head of a creek



stretching down to the sea, and yet surrounded by undulating woods of great beauty—a nineteenth-century restoration of one of the castles of Fitzhamon's twelve knights—that the tourist will do well to postpone to a visit here and to Llantwit, excursions to Morgan Abbey, Newton Nottage, or the Llynvi Valley and Porthcawl. In legends and traditions it matches Dunraven Castle; in picturesqueness it outmatches it. St. Donat's is the old seat of the Esterlings or Stradlings, familiar to the readers of the county history through more than six centuries, and was occupied by them until the death, in a brawl in a foreign town, of Sir Thomas Stradling, the last of the direct race, in 1738. When, six months after his death, this last Stradling was brought home for burial in the adjacent Norman church, which nestles in the wooded dingle running down to the shore, the usual solemnities preceding a Welsh funeral ended in a fire, which destroyed the picture gallery (in a secret chamber wainscoted off from which Archbishop Usher lay hid during the civil war troubles) and other parts of the castle. The whole has been carefully and gradually restored by the present owner, Dr. R. Nicholl Carne, whose mother was of the Stradling lineage, but who holds possession by purchase. Under his direction the old places have been renewed in a conservative spirit, and the architectural features of the castle, as well as the old internal decorations, have been restored. Whilst the slopes toward the sea have been rendered quite a picture by a series of hanging gardens, where myrtles and subtropicals live out of doors, the church and churchyard have been the first to meet with reparation, and the elegant cross in the latter, as well as the Stradling monuments in the former, will be found well worth inspection. There is a strange contrast between the inhabited aspect of this charming seat and the lone watch-tower just across the dingle, said to have been used to give notice to the lord of St. Donat's of wrecks, in which the coast population of Glamorgan took a peculiar interest. It would need a whole article to describe the neighbouring town, church or churches, castle, and town-hall of Llantwit Major, the seat of a famous school of divinity in the fifth century, and, curiously enough, not long since, through a munificent proposal of the owner of St. Donat's, the possible seat of the new Welsh University. Every stone in Llantwit may be said to be "a stone of old memorial," from the crosses and coped stones in the so-called "old" church, which is disused, to those in the churchyard and in the houses and public places of this old-world village. The visitor to Llantwit will return to his inn to dream of it. For ourselves we were content to take from it our last impressions of a week's tour in Glamorgan-shire, and to push homeward by forced marches *via* Neath and the Neath Valley Railway to Merthyr. The easiest way of wrenching oneself from so charming a county is to endure for an evening and night the smoke, noise, and fires of uninteresting, uncanny Merthyr.

#### OUR NEW GUEST.

IT is to be hoped that the name of the ruler of Zanzibar who has just arrived amongst us will not turn up too often in dinner-table talk, if it be true, as is asserted, that Burgash, when pronounced properly, "sounds like 'bulrush,' but not 'bulrush' calmly uttered, but 'bulrush' bent and blown away by a storm of gutturals." A sputtering volley of Burgash in this style all round the table would certainly be rather uncomfortable, besides being a dreadful trial for dainty lips. Any one with a name like this is much better written about than talked about, but the worst of it is that writing is apt to lead to talking. In the present period of absolute dullness and stagnation, there is perhaps some excuse for the rash which the newspapers have made upon our new guest; and they are evidently anxious to make the most of him. We have had the Sultan, the Khedive, and the Shah in turn, and there is no reason why we should not have the Seyyid Burgash of Zanzibar, if that is his right title, as well, and show him every civility. Only it is to be hoped that the line of Oriental potentates bent upon visiting our shores will not stretch quite so far as Banquo's issue, and also that care will be taken to prevent any misunderstanding as to the meaning and extent of our good will. It appears that on his way up the river the sovereign of Zanzibar was met by some boys from the *Goliath* training-ship, who begged a subscription; but, it is added, "fortunately the request was made in English, a language which the Seyyid does not understand." However, his knowledge of the language, or his means of getting it translated, seems to have wonderfully improved as he drew near Westminster; for when Mr. Bourke, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in full official uniform, delivered an address of welcome in which he placed the country generally at the disposal of the Seyyid, and begged him, if he wanted anything, just to mention it, that illustrious personage, nodding his head approvingly, thanked Mr. Bourke for the cordiality of his reception, and said he anticipated much satisfaction from his visit to England. Mr. Bourke seems to have spoken in English, but it would perhaps be as well that it should be made clear to the Seyyid that the offer conveyed was intended to be taken rather in the way of Oriental imagery than in a matter-of-fact English sense. Of course the ruler of Zanzibar, who is only a very small prince with a little fringe of territory, could not expect to be received with the same honours as the Sultan or the Shah, and had to put up with an Under-Secretary and a penny steamboat. The Under-Secretary, however, had on his best uniform, and no expense was spared in flags for the steamboat; and the Seyyid was

also indulged with a royal salute from the flagship at Sheerness. Those arrangements must have cost the Foreign Office many a sleepless night, and it is to be hoped that the Seyyid is satisfied, and that neither the Sultan nor the Shah will feel offended by his being allowed to get too close to them in the honours accorded to his rank. In the meantime it would perhaps be desirable that the reporters should not trouble the visitor too much with their critical attentions. When it is stated that the Seyyid is "sensible and observant, with a frank and pleasant countenance," it is no doubt intended to be complimentary; but still this kind of patronizing curiosity reminds one somewhat of that which is bestowed on other fresh arrivals from the East at Jamrach's or Regent's Park. Lord Melbourne's familiar phrase might very well be applied to such a case, and the reporters might be asked, "Can't you let him alone?" It is scarcely fair to anticipate the book which the Seyyid will probably write when he gets home by publishing his profound observations on English life as fast as they fall from his lips. He has already discovered that, though London is a bigger town than Zanzibar, the English are in some respects behind his subjects. It is wasteful, he thinks, to grow tall forest trees along the roads, since shade could equally be afforded by fruit-trees, as in Zanzibar, and then there would be the fruit into the bargain. Not content with picking up everything the Seyyid says, some of the papers go further, and tell us what he has been thinking of. The *Telegraph*, for example, with that inventiveness which has always distinguished it, and which is shortly to be commemorated by an "Inventor's Column," has an article in which an imaginary account is given of the impressions produced on the mind of the Eastern visitor at Ascot.

It seems to be the impression of the reporter of the *Times* that there will be an immediate demand for Dr. Badger's edition of Salih-ibn-Razik and a number of other learned works which he enumerates, as throwing light upon Zanzibar and its sovereign; but we are afraid that at the present season there is not much chance of any great enthusiasm being excited on the subject. Everybody will be very happy to hear that the Seyyid has been well treated, and has enjoyed his visit; but even in the present dearth of anything to talk about, a ruler of Zanzibar with an unpronounceable name, is not likely to make much of a sensation. The Shah and the Sultan had been heard of before, and people wondered what they were like, but scarcely anybody except Sir Bartle Frere and Dr. Badger ever heard of Seyyid Burgash, which being translated means, it seems, his Lordship the Midge, till the other day; and it does not appear that there is much to be said about him. At least the article in the *Times* is chiefly devoted to his father. Burgash told Sir B. Frere that succession to the throne of Zanzibar was settled by the "longest sword," but he appears to have, after some years of exile, himself ascended the throne peacefully on the natural death of his predecessor. Now that the slave-trade has been put down he seems to be anxious to cultivate honest commerce, and it is natural that this laudable desire should be encouraged. The *Times* mysteriously observes that, "for people who will take the trouble to think, the Sovereign of Zanzibar ought to be something more than a lion," and it turns out further on that what is meant by "more than a lion" is that it is hoped he will be caught as a customer. "An observer," it is added, "of sufficiently quick intelligence to seize the essential facts of a civilization partly strange to him, and not too old to admit the inferences which these facts suggest, ought to learn a good deal in England"; but no hint is given as to what sort of facts or opinions are here referred to. A little civility is a cheap and useful commodity, and it is worth while to stand well with foreign princes even of humble rank, especially when it involves so little; but it is hardly necessary to seek out recondite reasons for a simple act of hospitality. If the Seyyid has a good time of it in England, that will be enough, and there is no reason to exaggerate his personal importance or to expect any very wonderful results from his visit. The best that can be done for him is to let him go about in a quiet way, and see as much as he can, and not bewilder him with mysterious leading articles. The attention to be paid to a guest of this kind is a matter for the Government, and not for the public; and it is satisfactory to find that the Government is quite alive to its duty. There was a time not at all remote when even great potentates coming, or desiring to come, to this country, were treated very shabbily. There is a medium in all such cases between extravagance and reasonable liberality. It is certainly not desirable that all sorts of foreign princes should be encouraged to imagine that open house will be kept for them in England whenever they choose to indulge their curiosity by paying us a visit; but, on the other hand, nothing can be more appropriate and becoming than the modest attentions which are being shown to the Seyyid Burgash.

#### THE "PECULIAR PEOPLE."

A MEMBER of the so-called "Peculiar People" has been tried for the manslaughter of his child, aged two years, whose death, according to the medical evidence, was caused by pleurisy and chronic inflammation of the lungs. The child had been ill for nine or ten months. The prisoner stated before the Coroner that he did not know the disease under which the child was labouring. Every care and attention was paid to the child by himself and his wife, but he called in no medical aid or advice. He does not believe in it. He trusts to the Lord. The child

was prayed over, and the Elders of the sect laid hands on him and anointed him with oil. This was done, as a witness explained, in conformity with the 14th verse of the 5th chapter of the Epistle of St. James. This witness, who was himself an Elder and had visited the child, thought it was teething and in a decline. He had recommended the father to give it arrowroot, new milk, eggs, and such-like things. He never advised the father to call in medical aid. The "Peculiar People" have religious objections to that course. Their women when in child-birth do not call in medical aid; they have skilful women among their own sect who give aid in such cases. Mr. Justice Blackburn reserved for the consideration of the Judges the question whether the prisoner was guilty of manslaughter, and intimated his own present impression that he was; but we cannot help thinking that both the law and the divinity ventilated at this trial were of doubtful quality. The absurdity of employing midwives and excluding physicians will probably be perceived in time by the "Peculiar People." The legal principles enunciated by the Judge were no doubt correct, but the difficulty lies in their application. If the prisoner had been indicted for the offence of keeping his child without necessities, including in that term medicine and medical attendance, he might probably have been convicted within the principle of decided cases. But he was indicted for manslaughter, and it must be proved against him that his neglect of duty was the cause of death.

The medical testimony in the case was given with suitable caution, and it only came to this—that the disease which caused death might have been checked by proper attention to its earlier stage. The witness "did not for a moment presume to say that the child would not have died if medical advice had been called in, but its life with proper treatment might have been prolonged or saved." The Judge put two questions to the jury; first, whether the prisoner neglected to procure medical aid for his child when it was reasonable so to do, and he had the ability; and next, whether death was caused by such neglect; and the Judge told the jury that, unless they were satisfied affirmatively on both those points, they must say that the prisoner was not guilty. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and this amounts to finding that the prisoner caused his child's death by neglecting to procure medical aid for it. It may, however, be conjectured that the jury arrived at this conclusion without fully considering the difficulties that lie in the way of it. The prisoner was charged with manslaughter, and manslaughter is usually distinguished from murder by saying that, though the act which occasions the death is unlawful, yet the malice, either express or implied, which is the essence of murder, is wanting in manslaughter.

There may, however, be murder, and also of course manslaughter, by omission as well as commission; and if a father kept an infant child without necessary food, having ability to provide it, and the child died of hunger, the father might be found guilty either of murder or manslaughter, according as his conduct showed a malicious purpose or merely culpable neglect. The old form of indictment in such cases would have alleged a trespass *vi et armis* on the child, but the substance of the offence is evidently the non-feasance of failing to supply food. In all cases, however, either of murder or manslaughter, there must be proof of the means of killing. The text books say there must be a corporeal injury inflicted, but they include among modes of killing starving and exposing a sick or weak person to the cold. "If a man receive a wound which is not in itself mortal, but for want of helpful applications or neglect it turns to a gangrene or fever, and the gangrene or fever be the immediate cause of the death, yet this is murder or manslaughter in him that gave the stroke or wound." In conformity with this doctrine it was held in a modern case that a person inflicting a wound which ultimately becomes the cause of death is guilty of murder, though life might have been preserved if the deceased had not refused to submit to a surgical operation. Both the old doctrine and the modern application of it will probably command that general assent which is desirable in the administration of criminal law. There must be a distinctly unlawful act which caused death. We may assume, although it is not very clearly stated by legal writers, that a parent is bound to provide a child during illness with proper medicines. Mr. Justice Patteson told a jury that a master is bound to do this for an apprentice, and it may be safely assumed that a parent owes at least an equal duty to a child. So far there is no difficulty. The same learned Judge proceeded to say that, if they thought the death of the deceased was occasioned not by want of food, bedding, and clothing, but by want of medicines, then, in the absence of any charge to that effect in the indictment, the prisoner would be entitled to be acquitted. This direction seems to imply that it is at least a conceivable case that a jury might find a master guilty of manslaughter for neglecting to supply an apprentice with medicine; but the case goes no further, and we believe that it is as near a case as can be found to that which has been before Mr. Justice Blackburn. The jury found the prisoner guilty of the charge which was in the indictment—namely, neglecting to provide food, clothing, and bedding—and he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. That, however, was plain sailing. In an older case an apprentice had been sent to Bridewell for misconduct, and whether or not his moral state was better for imprisonment, his bodily state was decidedly worse. He died soon afterwards, and the question was whether the cause of death was disease contracted in Bridewell, or neglect and ill-treatment by his master. Conviction of the master in such a case could hardly be satisfactory.

It deserves notice that a modern Act of Parliament enacts that, whoever, being legally liable as a master to provide for any apprentice "necessary food, clothing, or lodging," shall wilfully and without lawful excuse refuse or neglect to provide the same, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour. But the Act does not mention medicine. And it ought not to be left wholly out of view that in our time there is almost as much discussion as to the efficacy of medicine—meaning thereby drugs and chemicals—as about the efficacy of prayer, or laying on of hands. The law as to the duty of a master to supply medicine to his apprentice was laid down at a time when everybody habitually took pills, powders, draughts, and even more abominable preparations. It was no more doubted that a child needed periodical "physic" than that he needed whipping. But now some doctors, and these not the least trusted in their profession, prefer to rely very little on "physic" and much on nature. It may be remarked, too, that if the prisoner in this case had called in, not an Elder of the "Peculiar People," but an ignorant quack doctor, he would have been safe from prosecution, and even if the anointing with oil had not been done "in the name of the Lord," it might have passed for a sufficient medical application. It is notorious, too, that one school of doctors profess to cure their patients by means which another school describe as "faith and white sugar." The difference between these two schools has been neatly epitomized in the remark that the new school say that the old school kill their patients, and the old school say that the new school let their patients die. But if it be permissible to have recourse to faith and white sugar it can scarcely be criminal to rely on faith alone. It is notorious that some old-fashioned doctors would, in deference to the reported dictum of a deceased Judge, say of the new school that they simply leave disease and nature to fight it out in the body of the patient. It is not for us to indicate any preference for either school; but we cannot help knowing that this very class of diseases to which the child's death is ascribed have been made the subject of innumerable methods of treatment, which those who did not approve them have roundly denounced as quackery. We shall see in time what the result of this prosecution is; but at present we are not altogether satisfied of its expediency. It seems to us that the medical evidence as reported is scarcely sufficient to support the verdict. But we agree in the opinion expressed by the jury, that there ought to be some law which would compel parents to provide medical advice for their infant children in case of illness. Indeed we are by no means sure that such a law does not already exist. The first page of the most familiar treatise on criminal law states that an indictment lies for a breach of duty which is an outrage upon the moral duties of society, as for the neglect to provide sufficient food or other necessities for an infant of tender years whom the defendant is obliged by duty to provide for, so as thereby to injure its health. We think that the "Peculiar People" might be dealt with under that law more satisfactorily than by any indictment for manslaughter. But we do not think that it would be a defence to an indictment for manslaughter that the prisoner believed that he ought not to provide medical advice. Mr. Justice Blackburn reserved this question also for the Judges, although he did not profess to feel any doubt about it himself.

#### SEA PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.

BY the Common Law a carrier who received goods to carry was responsible for every injury occasioned to them by any means, except the act of God or of the Queen's enemies. But many years ago a practice began by which carriers sought to restrict their liability by giving notice that they would not be answerable for loss except on conditions limiting the extent of their common-law liability as carriers. It appears from a case decided in 1769 that the practice then existed and was not new. Mr. Justice Story, in a treatise published in 1832, says that it was formerly a question of much doubt how far common carriers on land could by contract limit their responsibility, upon the ground that, exercising a public employment, they are bound to carry for a reasonable compensation, and have no right to change their common-law rights and duties. It was said that, like innkeepers, they were bound to receive and accommodate all persons as far as they may, and could not insist upon special and qualified terms. The right, however, of making such qualified acceptances by common carriers had been asserted in early times, and was then recognized and settled beyond reasonable doubt. But the learned writer proceeds to say, "It is to be understood that common carriers cannot by any special agreement exempt themselves from all responsibility, so as to evade altogether the salutary policy of the common law. They cannot, therefore, by a special notice, exempt themselves from all responsibility in cases of gross negligence and fraud, or, by demanding an exorbitant price, compel the owners of the goods to yield to unjust and oppressive limitations of their rights. And the carrier will be equally liable in case of the fraud or misconduct of his servants, as he would be in case of his own personal fraud or misconduct."

This passage may be cited with some confidence as an exposition of what the law ought to be, but our business at this moment is to discover what the law is. By the Carriers' Act of 1830 it was enacted that no public notice or declaration should be construed to affect the liability at Common Law of any carrier by land;



but it was provided that nothing in the Act should affect any special contract between such carrier and any other party for the conveyance of goods. Our Courts after 1832 disregarded Mr. Justice Story's view, and decided, by a series of cases, that a carrier might by a special notice make a contract limiting his responsibility even in the cases of gross negligence, misconduct, or fraud, on the part of his servants. The Railway Companies took advantage of these decisions "to evade altogether the salutary policy of the common law," and the Legislature was compelled to intervene between them and the public by passing the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1854. In order to show the length to which the Judges went in favour of the Companies, we will refer to a case in which "gross and culpable negligence" in the defendants' servants was averred in the pleadings and proved at the trial, but the Court of Common Pleas arrested the judgment. Mr. Justice Cresswell said that the question depended on the nature of the contract entered into between the parties, and that the contract contained in the ticket in that case, which exempted the Company from responsibility for damage, however caused, did protect them from responsibility for the loss in that case, arising from the neglect of the defendants' servants on the journey; "whether it was called negligence merely, or gross negligence, or culpable negligence, or whatever epithet might be applied to it, it was within the exemption." In another case, where a horse had been killed upon a railway, the jury found that the accident was occasioned by the gross negligence of the Company; but nevertheless the judgment was arrested.

Under these circumstances the Act of 1854 was passed, by which it is enacted that every Railway Company shall be liable for the loss of or for any injury done to any horses, cattle, or other animals, or to any articles, goods, or things, in the receiving, forwarding, or delivering thereof, occasioned by the neglect or default of such Company or its servants, notwithstanding any notice given by such Company contrary thereto, or in any wise limiting such liability. Provided that nothing therein contained should be construed to prevent the Companies from making such conditions with respect to the receiving, forwarding, and delivering of any such animals or articles as should be adjudged by a Court to be just and reasonable. Provided that no special contract should be binding upon any party unless signed by him.

We are at present concerned with the case of passengers' luggage, which is comprised within the words "articles, goods, or things." But the Act only extends to a Company's own line of railway. This is shown by a case in which the plaintiff took a ticket of the South-Eastern Railway Company to be conveyed as a passenger from London to Paris, on which was printed, "The South-Eastern Railway Company is not responsible for loss or detention of or injury to luggage of the passenger travelling by this through ticket, except while the passenger is travelling by the South-Eastern Railway Company's trains or boats." The plaintiff did not sign this memorandum. His portmanteau was lost between Calais and Paris. It was held that the Act of 1854 did not apply to a contract exempting a Company from liability for loss on a railway not belonging to or worked by the Company; and that the Company was therefore protected by the condition on the ticket. "The Act of 1854," said Mr. Justice Lush, "says in effect, you shall not, by any notice, limit the liability we have cast upon you as carriers for the carriage of goods upon your own line, though you may make a special contract, if the other party signs it, and if its conditions are reasonable. The question of reasonableness does not arise here, because the present case is not within the statute, which only applies to the carriage of goods upon a Company's own line, and leaves them at liberty to make any contracts they please for limiting their liability on lines not their own."

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn said in the same case:—"However harsh it may appear in practice to hold a man liable by the terms and conditions which may be inserted in some small print upon a ticket which he only gets at the last moment after he has paid his money, and when nine times out of ten he is hustled out of the place at which he stands to get his ticket by the next comer—however hard it may appear that a man shall be bound by conditions which he receives in such a manner, and moreover when he believes that he has made a contract binding upon the Company to take him, subject to the ordinary conditions of the general contract, to the place to which he desires to be conveyed—still we are bound on the authorities to hold that when a man takes a ticket with conditions on it he must be presumed to know the contents of it, and must be bound by them." This passage expresses with the speaker's usual force and clearness the popular view of the hardship of the law which he at the same time maintains. It might be added that Railway Companies do not usually begin to issue tickets until a few minutes before their trains start, so that they abridge as far as they can the time within which it might be possible to study the conditions which they impose on passengers; and they do not, as they might, inscribe these conditions conspicuously at their stations, which they find it more profitable to adorn with advertisements of pickles, hair-dye, and antibilious pills. It has been said that the reason of the law is not as the reason of ordinary mankind, and certainly some of the decisions on this subject appear repugnant to common sense. The House of Lords has lately attempted to direct inferior Courts towards a more rational view of the circumstances under which a railway or steamboat ticket is taken. A man, says Lord Chelmsford, is much more likely to look at the front than at the back of his ticket, and probably, having satisfied himself by looking at the

front that the ticket was for the right station, he would not look at the back until he entered the train. We may add that perhaps he would not look at the back at all, unless he had nobody to talk to and nothing to read. The Lord Chancellor thought it important to inquire whether the notice was printed on such a part of the ticket that the passenger would be likely to see it at once. There was no reference on the face of the ticket to the conditions on its back which would have induced the passenger to look at them, and upon the face of the ticket there was a complete contract with him to carry him from one place to another. The Company had taken the passenger's money without calling his attention to the conditions; and it would be most unsafe if they were permitted afterwards to set up the terms of a document of which the passenger had no knowledge at the time the contract was entered into. For these reasons it was decided that a condition that a Steamship Company incur no liability for loss of luggage, whether arising from the neglect of their servants or otherwise, was not binding on the passenger, who was therefore held entitled to recover the value of his luggage lost by neglect. Lord O'Hagan, who took part in this decision, said that there must be a conscious and intelligent consent on the part of the passenger to the conditions before he could be bound by them. He added that the decision was a salutary one, and in accordance with common sense, and it would finally settle a question which had given rise to great differences of opinion for many years.

A case came before the Court of Exchequer three days after this decision of the House of Lords, and nothing was decided in conflict with it, although one of the members of the Court admitted that he "appeared to disagree" with the House of Lords. In this case the condition relied on by the Company was printed on the face of the ticket, and the passenger signed it. There was, therefore, conscious and intelligent consent by the passenger to the condition, as required by Lord O'Hagan. The argument for the passenger was directed to show that there was some obligation on the Company to act reasonably, which no condition could get rid of; and this argument, however it may stand upon authority, has much support in common sense. But the question is different from that which occupied the House of Lords, and it is a very important question which may perhaps deserve the attention of the Legislature. In this case the passenger was going from Southampton to Colon, and the arrangements for a voyage of that length are usually made with some deliberation, and the passenger may reasonably be asked to consider terms and to signify in writing his assent to them. But in an ordinary railway journey it would be absurd to propose that the passenger should do this. If an English Company booked passengers from London for the North of Scotland, and attempted to impose unreasonable conditions as to the Scotch portion of the journey, the argument that the Railway Traffic Act of 1854 only applies to traffic on the Company's own line might prevail in our Courts, but the public would soon make up its mind that, if that be law, the law must be altered. Even foreign-going Steam-packet Companies might easily carry too far the exercise of the privilege which the law seems to allow them of imposing harsh conditions upon passengers. In the case lately before the Court of Exchequer the condition was that "the Company would not be answerable for loss, damage, or detention of baggage under any circumstances." Another condition was that the Company should be at liberty to land any passenger suffering from infectious disease. The plaintiff was taken ill with typhoid fever, and was landed at Kingston in Jamaica, insensible. His box was also landed on the wharf by the Company's servants, but the plaintiff never saw or heard anything of it afterwards. It was vainly argued for the plaintiff that some obligation to act reasonably attached to the Company. The Court said that, under the conditions, the Company was not liable "under any circumstances," and the Court could not make them so. It must be owned that the Court only followed a long series of authorities, and the Judges repeated almost the very words of the decisions which brought upon the Railway Companies the Act of 1854. How these decisions came to be given may be understood by observing the language of Mr. Baron Bramwell, who thinks that "the Companies have been somewhat unfairly treated," and that the Courts ought not to extend the Act of 1854 further than they can help, "for it has been already the cause of more dishonest transactions than any Act of Parliament." The Legislature, however, may perhaps prefer to apply to Steamboat Companies as well as to carriers by land what Mr. Justice Story calls "the salutary policy of the common law." In the case lately before the Court of Exchequer, the Lord Chief Baron "would not say there was not some degree of negligence," and on this point there may possibly be room for difference of opinion. But in a previous case before the same Court, the pleadings expressly alleged "gross negligence and wilful default" in the defendants, and the Court decided that the defendants, under the contract which the plaintiff had made with them, were not liable. The recent decision proceeded on the authority of this case, and the law certainly seems to be that Steamship Companies are not under the same limitation as Railway Companies, and are free to make any terms they choose. If, however, these Companies exercise this freedom indiscreetly, public feeling is likely to be aroused against them. It will be urged that they have practically a monopoly, and can impose what terms they choose on passengers, who therefore, although perhaps neither poor nor ignorant, may fairly claim legislative protection.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

v.

MR. MILLAIS, R.A., is this year generally accounted greater in landscape than in figures and portraits. Perhaps the time may come when it will be said of him, as of Gainsborough, that, like the poet divided between two mistresses, he gives to his fair sitters cold visits, while he devotes to the beauties of landscape nature the affections of a warm heart. Yet in "The Crown of Love" (214) he still proves his allegiance to the element of romance in humanity. Here a stalwart hero, resolute in grasp of hand, strong in backbone, muscular and firm in leg and gripe of foot on foreground, carries a lady "to where," in the words of George Meredith, "the mountain touched the sky." Independently of a certain sonorous pomp of words, there would seem to be little in the inherent conception to save the composition from commonplace; an idea of this sort must stand or fall by its artistic treatment. The two figures—man and woman—are rather skilfully intertwined on the principle of the twist in a cork-screw; but in this, as in others of the painter's compactly dovetailed groups, it becomes a little difficult to distinguish in torso and limb between *meum* and *tuum*; perhaps the painter may plead that in these emergencies some confusion in anatomies and draperies is but true to nature. However, we gladly accord to Mr. Millais more knowledge of anatomy than of geology. The background of rocks and landscape is a mere make-up, both in scale and detail. Sir Roderick Murchison was known to have passed severe strictures on the geological conformations of Mr. Millais. The worst of the matter is that an artist of his surpassing capacity could do so much better if he did but care to give the needful time and pains.

Subjects and styles which the French term *genre*, by way of depreciation, but which constitute the beauty and strength of the English school, ever gain in number and importance. That this should be the case is not so much the fault of painters as of patrons, for we have seldom known an artist who would not prefer painting St. Paul preaching at Athens to a scene in the fish-market at Billingsgate, provided only he could get the commission. Mr. Leslie, A.R.A., it must be confessed, never deviates from a refinement and a fancy which may be said to be akin to the graceful and rhythmical paragraphs of Addison and other writers of that period. In "School Revisited" (196), a girl grown into womanhood and wifehood comes among former playmates who gather with curiosity and affection around her. The theme may be comparatively trivial, yet the eye in passing across the canvas is attracted by touches of tenderness with pretty accessories in the way of rose-trees and honeysuckles trained gracefully on the walls. The colour which tends to silvery notes and the light which plays deliciously in half tones between sunshine and shade impart to the picture a rare value, pertaining, however, more to sentiment than to intellect. Miss Starr, whose early success has of late years scarcely been sustained, gains, as she now deserves, "the line" by a figure truly womanly in its sympathies. "Hardly Earned" (527) presents a poverty-stricken apartment; a music mistress sinks in weariness on a chair with little but a glass of cold water for consolation. The sentiment just escapes sickliness, and the execution has a tenderness which stops short of debility. Miss Starr commands, when she chooses, a bold broad hand, which, if she could bring it to bear on the refined creations of her fancy, would at once place her in the position to which her talents have long pointed. Lady artists are this year at a discount; it becomes more and more evident that they will not buckle down to hard work.

"The Little Masters" are known in the history of German art about the time of Albert Dürer, and the term may now be appropriately applied to certain of our painters who, not to their discredit, compile diligently and discreetly from "the great masters." Mr. Storey, who is best when nearest to De Hooze, has not been successful in an outdoor incident of two anglers—a lady and a squire—mutually "Caught" (142). The gentleman's head emerges amusingly, and with some amazement, from the water and the wall. A figure thus cut off into a small fragment falls under the just censure of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his "Discourses." Mr. Lucas challenges like difficulties in "By Hook or Crook" (327). We here again encounter the disagreeable apparition of a solitary, almost decapitated, head thrust above a wall which cuts it from the shoulders. If, however, the aim is comedy, if the intention is to provoke a laugh, the incongruity does service. The art which Hogarth and his followers rejoice in transgresses, as might be expected, the symmetry-seeking canons of Reynolds. Mr. Yeames, A.R.A., does not rise above *genre*. "Pour les Pauvres" (4) has the merit of being carefully considered and steadily painted. Mr. Le Jeune is always in the small; nevertheless, "A Bite" (206)—a girl and a boy fishing—has the prettiness and refinement which usually elevate the artist's graceful compositions above the low level, the rude and unwashed naturalism, which now rule in London exhibitions. Mr. Wynfield coolly calculates his colours, rather after the black and white manner of the Belgian painter M. Baugniet. "At Last, Mother" (113)—a daughter falling on her knees into the embrace of a mother—is timidly refined and almost studiously mawkish. Mr. Eyre Crowe ranks among "the Little Masters," chiefly because nowadays he does not paint in large. His present effort is to delineate character on the scale of miniature illuminated under dazzling sunlight. His art is allied to that of M. Meissonnier and Herr Heilbuth. Favourable examples of Mr.

Crowe's latest phase are "Handing the Brush" (385), and "The French Savants in Egypt, 1798" (831). The artist's keen pencil always stings with satire.

Also among "the Little Masters" may be comprised those who deliberately walk in the footsteps of the small Dutch painters; and the number of such highly-finished cabinets—each year on the increase—almost defies calculation. The following may be named as the principal:—"Old Neighbours" (63), by Mr. C. Green; "A Difference of Taste" (136), by Mr. S. Lucas; "In Possession" (330), by Mr. A. Gow; "Shall we Invite Him?" (364), by Mr. Cowen; "Private and Confidential" (375), by Mr. J. Clark; "Sunday Afternoon" (430), by Mr. Collinson; "A Light Repast" (451), by Mr. Kennedy; "A Little Maid-of-all-Work" (524), by Mr. A. Stocles; "The Wedding Dress" (1177), by Mr. F. D. Hardy; and "Morning Letters" (1187), by Mr. G. Smith. Genre-painting on the Continent is favourably represented by "The Bath" (607), by Signor Chierici; "The Mother's Despair" (891), by Herr Linnaiz; "The Beer Fish" (879), by Herr Lüben; "Gathering Wood" (167), by M. Edouard Frère; and "The Pet Goldfinch" (239), by Mme. Henriette Browne—the last being shamefully treated by the hangers. To the above may be added "Love Me, Love Me Not" (534), an elegant and truly womanly composition, by Mrs. Staples, who by her signature on the canvas of "Ellen Edwards" preserves an identity which the world would not willingly overlook.

The subjects and the styles conspicuous within the Academy become every year so greatly diversified that strict classification grows more and more difficult. Since the secularization of art some centuries ago, when "The Madonna and Child" descended into a simply domestic mother and infant, and when "The Holy Family" made way for every possible incident within a peasant's cottage or a king's palace, the themes opened to the enterprise of painters have become almost as endless as the topics handled in leading articles, or as the news announced in the latest telegrams of morning newspapers. If matters stopped here, if, instead of subjects and modes of treatment circumscribed and stamped with finality, we had the promise of an art extended and progressive as humanity itself, it might be a question whether the gains were not equivalent to the losses. But with regret we remark in the modernism of our Academy the all but total neglect of what Reynolds and other writers have termed "style." Fundamental principles are ignored, and each painter does what seems best in his own eyes. The exhibition of the Academy as now constituted may be compared to a Noah's Ark; the Academicians, of course, holding, like Shem, Ham, and Japhet, exclusive privileges, and the outsiders being shunted into somewhat of the position of outside passengers in a London omnibus, who get up and stick on as best they can.

Relinquishing, then, all attempt at classification, we pass under review according to their several merits the following miscellanies. Mr. Marcus Stone has made a decided advance in his newly adopted course of naturalism in "Saint et Sauf" (130). The incident by its appeal to human sympathy redeems the commonness of the constituent materials. A French soldier returns, knapsack on back and musket in hand, to his simple peasant's home "safe and sound," his wife in child-bed receives him with open arms, and the baby cries a welcome from the cradle on the floor. The composition is essentially Dutch in its character and accessories, but the colour and the tone incline to the French school; the execution is broad and vigorous, and varied textures in surface aid the studied naturalism. Mr. Prinsep has surpassed himself in a graceful but most solemn "Minuet" (125), as well as in a naturalistic scene of four peasant girls returning "Home from Gleaning" (392). This artist gains in balance of proportion, harmony of line, and delicacy of manipulation; his colour has always been deep and rich, though in the present studies he has fitly surrendered his warm Orientalism. Mr. Dowling, whom we are glad again to greet within the Academy, contributes an elaborate composition showing the return from Mecca of a Sheikh to Cairo (522). Miss Osborn is also once more welcome; in Munich, having had the advantage of the teaching of Professor Piloty, she has gained a style which serves well in the rendering of Mr. George MacDonald's lines:—

A little mist and a little rain,  
And life is never the same again.

There are still surviving certain honoured Academicians and Associates who almost from time immemorial have jogged steadily along like slow, but safe, coaches on old macadamized roads. Mr. Cope, R.A., has in colour settled down into what may be termed "the old red sandstone school"; indeed, Cupid and Venus (351) would seem to have been cooked up from brickdust, so ruddy is the flesh colour. Mr. Horsley, R.A., and Mr. Frith, R.A., are again safe in following up former successes; the latter contributes no less than eight figure pieces, mostly of the type and complexion of the young ladies whose pretty but vacant faces adorn bon-bon boxes. Mr. Perugini vaunts a showy style, and affects a telling title (57). Mr. Wingfield sins against good taste in the interpretation of the hackneyed text, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept" (875). The composition becomes all the greater horror by reason of its inordinate size; fortunately the hangers have "skied" it in a corner, where it is gibbeted as the worst example of a now obsolete romantic school, ambitious of life-size. Mr. Tisot, who has sometimes stood on the verge of signal success, errs in opposite directions. Not only are his draperies diaphanous, but his faces shine as transparencies; they give out as it were a pale moonshine; a private concert—"Hush" (1233)—where



ogling Orientals seem ready to devour a young lady violinist, is a fantastic conception; a little more substance would not detract from the illusive lights which give singular brilliancy to the scene. Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A., still cherishes eccentricity, especially in the way of rambling incoherent compositions, vacant in the centre, and scantily tenanted towards the extremities by lanky, leggy figures that grow as ragged weeds on sterile ground. His countryman, Mr. Pettie, proceeding on the opposite principle, crowds his centres while he leaves the circumference to take care of itself. Each method is equally wrong when pushed to extreme. Mr. Orchardson might have found a subject more worthy of his talent than an old man at a fruit stall (153); it is a pity when an artist of proved resource tries to be clever by making something out of nothing. Much more happy is Mr. Calderon, R.A., in "Great Sport" (1158); here a couple of little children, up to their waists in tall grown grass, are at full glee in pursuit of butterflies. Pleasing in harmonious contrast are the white, blue, and red dresses of the children set against the yellow greens of the summer field jewelled by red poppies. We have not seen so pretty a thought thrown so charmingly on canvas since the time when the versatile Professor Knaus almost drowned a little girl in a sea of flowers.

"Story pictures" which put together some piquant incident or pleasing narrative more and more prevail, and much of their popularity depends on the choice of a catching title. We have heard advanced connoisseurs express the opinion that they do not care for the name in the catalogue, and we sympathize with this state of mind. A picture, they urge, is good or otherwise by its composition, light, shade, and colour, and some go so far as to say that a true art product ought to read pleasantly when turned upside down. This, we confess, is rather an advanced doctrine, and the tendency is certainly in the opposite direction. The names to pictures have now become as anxious considerations as the titles to three-volume novels; take the following as meant to be pleasingly suggestive:—"The Widow's Harvest" (37), by Mr. P. R. Morris; "Hearts of Oak" (47), by Mr. Hook, R.A.; "A Green Thought in a Green Shade" (54), by Mr. Blake Wigram; "The Bearers of the Burden" (101), by Mr. Boughton; "The Right of Way" (25), by Mr. Frederick Walker, A.R.A.; "The Poet's First Love" (380), by Mrs. E. M. Ward; and "Summer Days for Me" (1199), by Mr. Alfred Hunt. The large majority of visitors are unreasonably swayed by the sense and even by the sound of a title; thus they look from the catalogue to the canvas, and almost invariably applaud when they catch the mere echo of a sentiment or some pretty play upon words. Artists pandering to popular prejudices rely too much on taking titles; they rejoice as if sure of success when they have hit on some peg whereon to hang a picture prominently.

#### THE GRAND PRIX AND ASCOT.

FRENCHMEN who object to see English horses successful in the race which owes its origin to the late Emperor must have been thoroughly satisfied last Sunday when four French horses were respectively first, second, third, and fourth for the Grand Prix, and the three English representatives were left well in the rear. There were only eleven runners, and out of this number four belonged to one owner, M. Lupin, who was apparently so embarrassed by the possession of so many good horses as to feel it necessary in his own interests to start them all. Count de Lagrange ran Nougat, who had a chequered career on the English Turf last season, and, after being cast out from the French stable as good for nothing, and hacked about the country as a common plater, was with difficulty recovered by his old owners towards the close of the year. The French do not often let a Vulcan go out of their keeping, though they are quick enough to pick one up when opportunity offers. Our English owners only sent over three—Camballo, the winner of the Two Thousand; Claremont, the second in the Derby; and Seymour, who finished pretty well up with the immediate attendants on the placed horses at Epsom. Unfortunately both Camballo and Claremont have been amiss lately. The condition of the former was plain enough to those who saw him in the paddock at Epsom, and hardly was the Derby over when Claremont was also reported to be amiss. Thus they could hardly be expected to show in their true colours after so short an interval; and, in addition, it is always a chance how a horse will feel and what a horse will do after crossing the Channel. Seymour's public credentials in England were not good enough to raise a hope that he could be successful; but, being thoroughly well, he was able to beat his more distinguished compatriots. Salvator and St. Cyr, two of M. Lupin's four representatives, ran such a close race for the French Derby that public opinion was much divided as to which was the better to stand for the Grand Prix; while Nougat, who ran a dead heat for second place in the French Derby, which Salvator won by a head, was confidently expected to make up on this occasion for so narrow a defeat. The victory, however, remained a second time with Salvator, who outstrode Nougat at the finish, and won by nearly a length, Perplexe being third, and St. Cyr fourth. The winner—who never ran, by the way, as a two-year-old—is a horse of great power and of spirited action, and is engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger, for which he is already first favourite. The position attained by Perplexe would make him out a good horse; but, as we shall see afterwards, French horses are not always exempt from the inconveniences attendant on long journeys by sea and land.

The first day at Ascot was, as usual, rich in events of interest and importance. Sport began with the Trial Stakes, which Thunderer, despite his 14 lbs. extra to exempt him from sale, appeared to have at his mercy, his eight antagonists being of very inferior class. Apparently he has not done very well since Chester, or else the hard work he has had to go through at Newmarket as the schoolmaster of his stable has told upon him, for he failed to repeat his victory of 1874 in this same race, and was beaten rather easily by Conductor, an unknown son of Young Trumpeter. The Maiden Plate for two-year-olds, celebrated as being the race in which Rosicrucian made his first appearance, followed, and eleven youngsters came to the post. Unquestionably the best looking of these was King Death, a chestnut son of King Tom and Hatchment, and he was speedily made favourite, and, as is usual in races of this description, the favourite won. The race for the Ascot Stakes was run earlier than usual, being third on the list this year, and only a small and not very distinguished field of ten contested this once famous event. Among the ten were last year's winner, Coventry, Organist, winner of the Chester Cup and Ascot Gold Vase in 1874, Bertram, Lilian, Scamp, Gleneagle, and the Derby outsider, Lord Berners, and Hollywood, a representative of Ireland. The majority of the competitors had long passed their prime, and more than one laboured under suspicion of unsoundness. Organist has not been seen in public since last August, when he was beaten by Trent and Ros-trevor at Stockton; Bertram has nearly always been an unfortunate horse, just losing races which he ought to have won; Lilian has done work enough for a dozen horses, and might be supposed to be getting quite stale; and Scamp has shown himself a moderate handicap horse, and nothing more. Yet to these four was the race for the Ascot Stakes confined, and the finish between them was so close that it was impossible even for spectators in the neighbourhood of the judge's chair to say which of the four had proved successful. The judge's verdict, however, was in favour of Organist by a head, Lilian beating Bertram for second place by a similar distance, and a head only dividing Bertram from Scamp. It appeared to us that Bertram, who held a lead for nearly two miles, would have won had not so much use been made of him. He was clearly the best of the four for speed, and had he been steadied earlier in the race his speed might just have served him at the finish. As it was, Organist, who never got up to Mr. Barclay's horse till the distance, wore him down at the last by that gameness which was his distinguishing characteristic last year; while Lilian, who suddenly appeared from no one knew where, came with such a tremendous rush at the finish as to secure second honours, while in the next stride past the post she was first. Mr. Savile could not have thought very highly of her chance, or he would hardly have allowed her to incur a 5 lbs. penalty by winning a paltry Queen's Plate at Ipswich. That penalty just lost her the Ascot Stakes, but she must be accounted a wonderful mare to make such a good fight as she did after the life of unceasing toil she has gone through. Last year she ran in thirty-two races, and yet her legs show no signs as yet of giving way.

After the Ascot Stakes came the really great event of the day, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, for which twelve came to the post; but in quality the field was hardly up to the mark of former years. Lord Falmouth was represented by Repentance colt and Garterly Bell, the third and fourth in the Derby, Lord Aylesford ran Leveret, Mr. Savile the Earl of Dartrey, and among the remainder were Balfie and Bay of Naples, while Perplexe, the third in the Grand Prix, was the solitary representative of France. In regard to the weights, Balfie, Garterly Bell, Perplexe, and the Repentance colt were all penalized, while Earl of Dartrey escaped any extra impost, and Bay of Naples, Leveret, and the Lady Morgan colt took the full allowances. According to public running, the race seemed to be between the Repentance colt, Bay of Naples, who ran sufficiently well in the Derby to be formidable now that he was receiving 10 lbs. from the third in the Epsom race, and Perplexe, who was a long way in front of Claremont and Camballo last Sunday at Paris. We may dispose of the last-named at once by saying that in the paddock he looked anything but fit and well, and his appearance testified that even French horses may suffer occasionally from sea-sickness, and be unable to distinguish themselves at Paris one day and at Ascot two days later. The son of Vermont, after a very rough passage across the Channel, actually arrived at Ascot only a few hours before the race, so that he would have been the most extraordinary horse ever foaled had he been able to begin racing when he had hardly set foot on dry land. Balfie looked, as he always looks, hard and well, Bay of Naples had evidently improved since Epsom, and Mr. Merry's colt by Scottish Chief out of Lady Morgan also attracted considerable attention in the paddock; nor was there any fault to be found with the appearance of Lord Falmouth's pair. The horses were delayed at the post for some minutes by the fractiousness of Tizona—a filly of Mr. Crawford's that night as well have been left at home—and the flag ultimately fell to one of the worst starts we have seen this season. The pace was good from the first, and we may at once say that neither Repentance colt nor Garterly Bell ever seemed able to go the pace. The running was made by Sister to Musket, who was supposed by some to have a chance on account of her having run third to Spinaway in the Oaks, and Balfie and Bay of Naples were always in good places. About a mile was sufficient for Sister to Musket, and then Balfie came round the bend with a clear lead, and going better than anything in the race. He was followed by Bay of

Naples, who was also going well; but Prince Soltykoff's horse was obviously his superior in speed, and the only question was whether he would be plucky enough or good-tempered enough to do his best at the finish. Coming up the straight it appeared a certainty that Balfe and Bay of Naples would be first and second, but at the distance Earl of Dartrey, who, for the greater part of the race, had figured in the extreme rear, but had gradually made up his lost ground, came with a prodigious rush, *à la* Lillian in the preceding race, and, passing the two leaders opposite the Stand, won easily by a couple of lengths, Balfe, as usual, putting back his ears when called upon to struggle, and allowing Bay of Naples to deprive him of second honours. The remainder of the field were widely scattered. The result was a surprising reversal of the Derby running, both Repentance colt and Garterly Bell having fairly beaten Earl of Dartrey at Epsom, and it makes out Mr. Savile's horse to be a much better animal than could have been supposed from his previous performances. He was ridden in blinkers, and he may be a horse of uncertain disposition; but certainly no horse could have run straighter than he ran on Tuesday, or made up lost ground in better style, or answered the calls on him at the finish more gallantly. Another explanation may be that all the Derby horses, except the winner, are moderate, and we believe that this view is entertained by some of the best judges of racing. If that view is correct, the result of the Prince of Wales's Stakes need not occasion much surprise, for it is one of the characteristics of moderate horses that they keep beating one another without any one of them succeeding in gaining an unquestioned superiority over the rest. A study of the two- and three-year-old running of Earl of Dartrey, Garterly Bell, and Repentance colt will help to illustrate this. Those who have made up their minds that Balfe's distance is half a mile must have been rather staggered at the bold front he showed last Tuesday over the longest course he has yet attempted. Perhaps Balfe can go further than people imagine; but one thing is certain, that he will not go a yard further than he chooses, and that when he is asked to go faster, whether at the end of half a mile, or a mile, or a mile and a half, he stoutly declines to respond to the invitation. It was said that the rider of Repentance colt broke a stirrup-leather, but if this accident happened during the latter part of the race, it cannot have interfered with the result, for from the very first both of Lord Falmouth's representatives appeared outpaced. In one point, however, the Derby running was confirmed, for Repentance colt and Garterly Bell, who finished close together at Epsom, were hardly separated at the conclusion of the great race on Tuesday at Ascot.

There were still four races of considerable interest to be decided after the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and the gallant old horse Tangible carried off the Queen's Stand Plate easily, giving nearly 3 st. to Ventnor, and proportionate weight to other two-year-olds like Charon and Brigg Boy, and to older horses, such as Ecossais, Montargis, Slumber, and Coomassie. Sir G. Chetwynd's horse has rarely won so gallant a victory in such superior company. Folkestone followed up his success in the Woodcote Stakes by carrying off the Eighteenth Biennial from a good field, including Lord Lincoln and Lord Falmouth's beautiful and much-fancied daughter of Beadsman and Nike, somewhat unmeaningly named Come-Kiss-Me. Then a select field of four, consisting of those old opponents Marie Stuart and Kaiser, Peut-Etre and Carnelion, appeared to do battle for the Gold Vase given by Her Majesty. Great was the satisfaction when the boasted French horse who presumed to challenge the mighty Prince Charlie to single combat was seen to retire from the front nearly a mile from home. Englishmen have somehow never forgiven Peut-Etre for having run off with the Cambridgeshire with so little ceremony, and then presumed to fancy that he could beat Prince Charlie; though their anger might have been appeased by the hollow beating given to the audacious foreigner by the magnificent son of Blair Athol. Kaiser could get no nearer to Marie Stuart than in days gone by, and her most dangerous opponent turned out to be Carnelion, who looked formidable opposite the Stand. Marie Stuart, however, proved equal to the occasion, and, shaking off Carnelion's challenge, won by a length. The day's sport was wound up by the victory of Volturmo—started instead of George Frederick—over Dukedom and Petition in the Twenty-first Triennial, run, like the preceding race, over the two-mile course.

We cannot say more on this occasion of the two Cup races on Wednesday and Thursday than that the Royal Hunt Cup, as has often been the case, was left to the two favourites, nothing else being dangerous. Thuringian Prince recompensed his friends for their disappointment in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and, had he been out of the way, Whitebait would have achieved an easy victory. It is curious that while in a field of three it is often a great puzzle to pick the winner, in a field of twenty and in a race depending so much on a favourable start backers of horses are so often successful in their selection. The only two supported with any spirit for the Hunt Cup were Thuringian Prince and Whitebait, and they finished first and second. The Gold Cup fell to Mr. Merry through the aid of Doncaster, and the veteran sportsman is fortunate to have both Doncaster and Marie Stuart fit and well at the same time. At the time we write he has carried off two of the great weight-for-age races of the meeting with the Derby and Oaks winners of 1873, and before these lines are in print he may possibly have succeeded in winning a third also.

## REVIEWS.

## CARLYLE'S EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.\*

IT is much to be wished that some one capable of historical criticism should take the Northern Sagas, as a whole, in hand, especially in their relation to English affairs. Particular parts have been done by modern writers of English history; but the thing has never been done as a whole. Indeed it is not likely to be done by any English scholar, till we get the Sagas in a shape in which the ordinary English scholar may have some chance of buying and using them, such a shape as that which Dr. Dasent promised so many years ago. But meanwhile Dr. Dasent, instead of editing ancient Sagas, writes modern novels; and while he thus gives us a stone instead of the bread for which we ask, his admirer in the *Times* complains that English scholars do not know so much about Scandinavian matters as they ought to know. Meanwhile, almost at the same moment that Dr. Dasent gives us his novel, Mr. Carlyle gives us something for which it is not so easy to find a name. Perhaps we may best call it what Mr. Carlyle calls it himself—namely, “rough notes of the early Norway Kings hastily thrown together.” But rough notes hastily thrown together, however great may be the reputation of the thrower, cannot serve our purpose, or indeed any purpose; or rather we might say that rough notes possibly might serve a purpose, but that what Mr. Carlyle gives us is not worthy even of the name of rough notes. The rough notes of a real scholar, the casual remarks which occur to him while going through a course of critical study, really might be of some use. They would most likely put us right on some point or other, and at all events they would set us thinking. But it is hard to conceive what object Mr. Carlyle can have set before himself, unless it be, as he does at the end, to point a moral in favour of wrong and violence and barbarism, and to show by the way his contempt for English history, and his ignorance of all modern research on the subject. Mr. Carlyle confesses that the rough notes which he has hastily thrown together are simply made out of Snorro, with some help from Dahlmann, and he ventures to add the following sentence:—

In Histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connexion between English affairs and Norse.

To judge by the few references that Mr. Carlyle gives, one would think that he had read nothing later than Rapin. Perhaps he looked at Hume, and, finding nothing there to his purpose, thought there could not be anything anywhere else. It is perfectly plain that he knows nothing of modern writers of English history, whether in German or in English, who have done what they could under existing difficulties to trace the threads of connexion between English and Scandinavian affairs. It would seem that Mr. Carlyle, in the hasty throwing together of his rough notes, has not thought it worth while to look at any ancient records of English history, save an occasional glance at the *Chronicles*, or to look at any of their modern interpreters. If his manner of studying and writing had been a little less rough and hasty, if he had condescended to use those helps and lights which lie open to those who approach them in somewhat less of the Berserker mood, he might have saved himself the singular displays of ignorance of English history which he makes throughout; he might have saved himself from leaving out some of the most striking and picturesque parts of his own story. Mr. Carlyle has a great name and has many admirers, but this does not make his rough and hasty notes on a subject which he has not really studied any better than the rough and hasty notes of any other man in the same case. If we want to read Snorro, those who do not understand the original can read the whole of him in the three volumes of plain English into which he has been translated by Mr. Laing. It is hard to see what good can come of parts of Snorro caricatured in the peculiar dialect of Mr. Carlyle.

Mr. Carlyle's style it is of course vain to criticize. Mr. Carlyle and his admirers no doubt think it clever to talk about “Bluteoth and Co.'s invasions,” “Svein, Eric, and Co.,” “the viking public,” and so forth. They perhaps think it both learned and clever to call the Eastern Emperors “poor Kaisers,” without which touch we could have given Mr. Carlyle credit for understanding German, and we should not have been tempted to guess that he fancies that German was spoken at Constantinople. They perhaps think that there is some point in trampling grammar under foot, in beginning sentences with verbs without nominative cases, or with nominative cases queerer than none at all. “Can think of no safe place”; “old mistress does receive him”; “had a standing army.” Even when Mr. Carlyle wishes to give his opinion as to a date, his way of doing so is to say, “Guess somewhere about 1040.” About things of this kind it is no use arguing; those who like them will go on liking them; those who have a respect for history or for any other serious study will go on feeling a twinge when they see it thus dressed up in motley.

Leaving points of this kind, let us rather see how Mr. Carlyle deals with facts. His great complaint is that writers of English history do not understand Scandinavian history. It might have been some little encouragement for them to do so if Mr. Carlyle, as a writer of Scandinavian history, had taken some little pains to understand English history. Let us take, for instance, his

\* *The Early Kings of Norway; also an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.



treatment of a Norwegian prince who plays a great part in English history, the famous Olaf Trygvesson. Mr. Carlyle complains that he has not "yet had the luck to find any decipherable and intelligible map of Norway"; so some way further on he complains that he cannot find the river Helga, the scene of Cnut's defeat by the Swedes, in his "poor maps." It would seem then that Mr. Carlyle is so far from having mastered the new edition of Spruner that he has not even mastered the old one, for there the Helga is marked plainly enough. He also makes the following complaint, which is less easily understood, especially as Mr. Carlyle this time does not vouchsafe us a verb in a somewhat long sentence—

An evil that much demands remedying, and especially wants some first attempt at remedying, by enquirers into English history; the whole period from Egbert, the first Saxon King of England, on to Edward the Confessor, the last, being everywhere completely interwoven with that of their mysterious, continually-invasive "Danes," as they called them, and inextricably unintelligible fill these also get to be a little understood, and cease to be utterly dark, hideous, and mythical to us as they now are.

It is perhaps not wonderful that one who talks in so odd a way about Egberht should know nothing of what inquirers into English history have done in this way. Let us rather see what he does himself. He tells us (p. 87) that there is no mention of Olaf Trygvesson in any English book new or old, besides the account of his visit to Æthelred at Andover; yet he had just before said (in p. 59):—

The *Saxon Chronicle* gives date to it A.D. 994, and names expressly, as Svein's co-partner, "Olafus, King of Norway,"—which he was as yet far from being; but in regard to the Year of Grace the *Saxon Chronicle* is to be held indisputable, and, indeed, has the field to itself in this matter.

Now the form "Olafus" looks very much as if Mr. Carlyle had read the *Chronicles* only in a Latin crib; but as none of the versions of the *Chronicle* contains the words "King of Norway"—an impossible form by the way in 994—Mr. Carlyle's sneer only proves the rough and hasty way in which he takes on himself to find fault with writers old and new, simply because he has not studied their writings. Again, if Mr. Carlyle had given the least critical study to the period of which he speaks, he might have found out that there is every reason to believe that Olaf had a share in the fight at Maldon, a fight which has been told by English writers both old and new, but which we have no special wish to see told again in sentences without nominative cases. But let us see how Mr. Carlyle deals with the scene at Andover. His rough notes on the matter seem to have been so hastily thrown together that he apparently does not know that he has told the story twice in two different ways. The first time (in p. 61) he says:—"Elpehus"—the queer form of a name which is known to one class of people as Alphege and to another as Ælfheah again savours of the Latin crib—"with due solemnity of apparatus, in presence of the King, at Andover, baptized Olaf anew." In p. 87 he tells us again:—

Of him it is merely said that he had an interview with King Æthelred II. at Andover, of a pacific and friendly nature,—though it is absurdly added that the noble Olaf was converted to Christianity by that extremely stupid Royal Person.

We pointed out this ridiculous blunder when Mr. Carlyle's work appeared in chapters in *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Carlyle certainly did not find in the *Chronicles* either that Olaf was baptized anew by Ælfheah or that he was converted to Christianity by Æthelred. If he found, as is very likely, the words of the *Chronicle* hard to understand, he might have found their explanation in the text of Florence, "confirmari ab episcopo fecit." Again, the fault of Æthelred was not that of extreme stupidity, nor is it true to say that "Æthelred the Unready had no battle in him whatever." His fault rather was that he "had battle" in him, but commonly at the wrong time, and not at the right. Mr. Carlyle seemingly has not read enough of the writers old and new whom he so despises to know that once in his life, when he screwed himself up to action, Æthelred could measure himself, and that not unsuccessfully, with Cnut himself. The wretchedness of Æthelred's time has been described by English writers old and new, and it does not add to our knowledge to say that—

For a forty years after the beginning of his reign, England excelled in anarchic stupidity, murderous devastation, utter misery, platitude, and sluggish contemptibility, all the countries one has read of.

Whether "a forty years" means something different from "forty years," we know not; but forty years from the accession of Æthelred carries us through the year of Eadmund's battles to the year of Godwine's exploits against the Wends. The charge of "platitude" we cannot undertake to answer till we get a definition of a word which is most commonly applied to sermons, though of the great sermon of Archbishop Wulfstan Mr. Carlyle himself speaks with deep reverence. But in a writer who stopped to think what he was writing, and did not merely throw rough notes hastily together, we should call the following passage a foul calumny:—

The so-called soldiers, one finds made not the least fight anywhere; could make none, led and guided as they were: and the "Generals," often enough traitors, always ignorant, and blockheads, were in the habit, when expressly commanded to fight, of taking physic, and declaring that nature was incapable of castor-oil and battle both at once. This ought to be explained a little to the modern English and their War-Secretaries, who undertake the conduct of armies.

The defence of London and the defence of Exeter, the fights of Maldon and Æthelingadene and Penhow, the warfare of Ulfcytel and his following of heroes, the hard hand play which the Danes met with at the hands of the stout East-Anglian, all stand recorded

in English writings old and new to rebuke the rough and hasty slander. The only thing that has struck Mr. Carlyle's fancy is the one story of Ælfric, because it gives him the chance of making what he perhaps thinks is a joke about castor-oil. Then we get to Mr. Carlyle's version of the massacre of St. Brice, where he puts in inverted commas "all the Danes settled in England," and adds, "practically of a few thousands or hundreds of them." The word "settled" he perhaps gets from the "incolentes" of Florence, which has nothing answering to it in the *Chronicles*. That the whole story, its origin and growth, has been carefully sifted since Rapin, Mr. Carlyle of course does not know. It is stranger still when Mr. Carlyle says (in p. 134):—

Jarl Ulf, as we have seen, had a sister, Gyda by name, wife to Earl Godwin ("Gudin Ulfnadson," as Snorro calls him) a very memorable Englishman, whose son and hers, King Harald, *Harold* in English books, is the memorablist of all. These things ought to be better known to English antiquaries, and will perhaps be added to again.

He seemingly thinks it a discovery for which English antiquaries will be thankful, to be told that Gytha was the wife of Godwine and mother of Harold.

This is perhaps enough. We might go on to trace Mr. Carlyle through the series of blunders and omissions into which he is led by his obstinate neglect of the lights which could have been found in his own language. When he gets to Stamfordbridge, he does for a moment mention "English chroniclers." Whether by "English chroniclers" he means the account in the *Abingdon Chronicle* or anything else we do not know. But if he would have taken the trouble to look in the account, doubtless from an English ballad, which is preserved by Henry of Huntingdon, he might have found out that the great struggle for the bridge was not after the fall of Harold Hardrada. All these things have been sifted, and Mr. Carlyle has no right to speak as if no English writer had given his mind to them since the days of Rapin. Mr. Carlyle says that there is "naturally no hint in any English book" of the great ingot of gold brought by Harold Hardrada, which he deprives of its character of an ingot, "massa auri," and cuts down to so much "gold plunder." If Mr. Carlyle read English books, he would find that the story of Harold Hardrada's treasures is not quite so unknown to them as he fancies, and English scholars now have rather outgrown Mr. Carlyle's way of getting at Adam of Bremen—more accurately at his scholiast—through "Camden, Rapin, etc." We pass on, and we remark the strange taste with which Mr. Carlyle, in dealing with Magnus Barefoot, altogether leaves out the story, which Snorro himself tells, of his expedition to Anglesey and of the death of Earl Hugh of Shrewsbury. All our English writers mention the fact. Orderic tells the tale graphically and at length. Mr. Carlyle, who complains of the neglect of Scandinavian matters by English writers, leaves out altogether this record of a Scandinavian King's doings from the hand of an Englishman. He leaves out too the striking conversation which Snorro gives between the Crusader Sigurd and his brother Eystein, who thought himself the more useful man of the two, in that while his brother was fighting at the end of the earth, he had stayed at home and done good to his land and people. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's epilogue may explain this last omission. We there get the old story, the beauties of force and despotism, the blackness of freedom in every shape, the old story which we have so often heard from Mr. Carlyle.

To our mind Mr. Carlyle would have better consulted his own reputation if he had left the early Kings of Norway alone. He has added nothing to our knowledge; and, if he had not given forth to the world what he himself allows to be rough notes hastily put together, we should never have found out for ourselves how little he knows of early English history either in the original sources or in their modern commentators. But for his own act, we should never have known how recklessly he can cast about slanders against the worthies of our own land, simply because he chooses to write about them without mastering the annals in which their deeds are recorded.

#### JOURNEYS IN SYRIA, INDIA, JAPAN, &c.\*

THAT tourists should go round the world in ninety days, or from England to India and back in sixty days, may be all very well. But that men who have performed these amazing feats more than once should relate their experiences in six hundred pages is most "tolerable and not to be endured." We know nothing of the author of this volume, not even his name. In one passage he informs us that he is seventy years of age; in another that he touched at the Sandwich Islands more than thirty years ago. Between the years 1868 and 1873 he, however, appears to have paid visits to Jerusalem, Pekin, Mongolia, Bombay and Calcutta, the Australian colonies, New Zealand, the United States, Honolulu, Kashmir, Ceylon, Yeddo and Yokohama, and divers other places. During his journeys he took copious notes of what he saw, and he wrote down long explanations of what he felt. And without stopping to prune, amend, or even reduce to shape his accumulated and undigested stores, he has sent them into the world bodily with all their imperfections. We must say that a more odious farrago of worthless anecdotes, impertinent comments, and flippant self-assertion has rarely been inflicted on an unoffending public. Some of the stories

\* *Rough Notes of Journeys made in the Years 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, and '73 in Syria, down the Tigris, India, Kashmir, Ceylon, Japan, Mongolia, Siberia, the United States, the Sandwich Islands, and Australasia.* London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

which the author relates of his personal experiences would be hardly endurable if told of the first Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, Dr. Johnson, or Sir Walter Scott. A good many more can scarcely have the smallest interest for any human being outside the author's own circle of relations or friends. The deductions on politics and the comments on social life are characterized by extreme silliness or naked absurdity. Coarse, inelegant, and slangy expressions abound in every chapter. There is neither method nor arrangement in the editing. In Chapter II., and again, after a long interval, in Chapters XVII. to XX., we are taken to India. Twice does the author go to Japan, and twice to Van Diemen's Land. The most trivial and uninteresting details are remorselessly dragged in at every place where the Pacific steamer stops to coal, or the colonial coach to bait. Pages are filled with accounts of petty mishaps and personal adventures which a young colonist would hardly venture to introduce into letters meant for the fireside of an English vicarage, or a subaltern to mention in the hopes of setting the mess of the Onety-oneth in a roar. We regret to add that sacred subjects are handled in the same flippant and irreverent style in which the writer discusses the conduct of the pilot or the *menu* of the cuddy-table. Now, first as to the use of slang. Mr. Stanley, the well-known Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, is set down as "about as rough a looking tyke" as one well can conceive—a description which persons who know anything of that gentleman will have some difficulty in recognizing as true. Chinamen get "as merry as grigs" and "talk fourteen to the dozen." At the celebrated crater of Kilauea in the Sandwich Islands, the author enjoys a fire "made of wood piled up on a stunning pair of dog-irons." In the mining districts of Tasmania he is "stuck up for want of a horse." In the South Sea Islands he "pitches into water without stint." In Western Australia he passes some time in chaffing the native women beggars, and, as in duty bound, "liquors up" with his companions in brandy that resembles aquafortis, after which he embarks in a boat where one of the crew is an "old lag" from Tasmania. Women in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates are "lusty wenches." In a caravanerai he was so uncomfortable as to believe that he slept on the edge of a knife "the whole blessed night." When the wife of a *Kotwal* or head policeman in Upper India is carried off by an attack of cholera, the event is gracefully alluded to as having been caused by "the old gentleman with the scythe." At a temple in Asaxas, in Japan, he sees a picture which he infers must be Michael the Archangel "about to decapitate Old Nick himself." No Japanese servant "ever priggd anything" from him, though these same people in business matters are "very slippery fish." Instead of the usual slackening of the steamer's speed in a narrow channel of the inland Japan seas, we read that they "slowed down for a few hours this morning." A conversation with a half-caste clerk in a public office at Singapore who believed in Spiritualism leads to the profound aphorism that there are "odd fish in the world," which is about on a par with the remark put by Dickens into the mouth of one of his characters in the debtors' prison in *Pickwick*, that "time was a rum thing." Travellers who have been half over the world are "globe trotters," and so on. In fact, no place or time is sacred for this accomplished writer, any more than for a French sapper.

We might multiply instances, but by this time our readers have probably had enough to form a judgment for themselves. Nor, as we have said, is there worth of incident to compensate for a debased diction. Hallam says of one of our most learned and eloquent divines, that he had "no vulgarity in his racy idiom." The traveller with whom we are now dealing is probably neither the first nor the last of writers who imagine that the slang of the fore-castle or the counting-house can be relied on to give raciness to a dull topic or point to a stupid joke. The following are the kinds of incidents which, not once but repeatedly, in travels of several months extending over several thousands of miles of land and water, the author gravely sets himself down to edit. He tells us how, in Japan, he went to his room one night and found that the captain of an American whaler, detained on shore by bad weather, had been put into his bed by mistake; how he never tasted any good fish in Calcutta; how a stupid pilot ran into a ship in Bombay Harbour and deserved to be hanged; how an Irishwoman in New Zealand insisted that he ought to be able to walk two miles in twenty minutes, and how he took half an hour to accomplish the distance, though he put his best leg forward; how a naughty boy took a bird's nest from the branches of a plantain tree; how the neglect of a scatter-brained clerk made him lose the Russian steamer bound from Alexandria to Jaffa; and how in consequence he was put to an additional expense of 5*l.* or 10*l.* This incident is followed by the remark that he had to "grin and bear it," which we much fear will afford no consolation to those who may read this book from beginning to end. Then these tremendous events are varied by episodes equally instructive. In Kashmir one day he ate two breakfasts. Twice he tells, or, as he says, "chronicles," the same story of some young Indian officer who "pegged," or drank brandy and soda. On one occasion he had taken with him hard eggs, a roasted fowl, and some bread, and so he had only to pay one franc at a caravanerai for his coffee and night's lodging. More than once he got a fit of indigestion from over-eating. His chum, in all probability a first cousin of the American who figures repulsively in *Martin Chuzzlewit* at the breakfast-table of the Atlantic steamer, did not hesitate to use the water in which this elegant and refined writer had washed.

A foreign Count is introduced lamenting for half a page, in broken English, the loss of a certain mixture with which he was in the habit of dressing his moustache. A steward makes a mess of arrowroot and butter, which is described in language as repulsive as the odious mixture itself. As for details about heat, petty inconveniences, trumpery events, ignoble and pointless incidents, related on the scale of Mr. Kinglake's *Inkerman*, there is literally no end to them but the last page of the book. They begin with the Mont Cenis Tunnel in 1868, and finish only with the Suez Canal and the port of Brindisi in 1873. A more grave offence is that of flippancy on the most solemn topics. The burial of a passenger at sea is a sight which, for its solemnity and simplicity, can scarcely be paralleled. The silence and order that reign on deck, the slight variation in the burial service, the intense grief of the surviving relatives, the stoppage of everything on board but what is absolutely necessary for the working of the ship, form a ceremony about which no one, we should have thought, could write with levity. Our traveller merely observes at the close that the deceased is not confined to any narrow tenement, but "disports at his pleasure over the whole wide Pacific Ocean, anything but pacific, however, when this victim was cast into it." When the grave of a little child is dug near his tent at Gulmuhur, in Kashmir, the residents in vain beg him to alter his quarters, not understanding that he had a "peculiar idiosyncrasy," and that he felt "comfortable and at home when surrounded by graves." This is a very feeble imitation of Mark Tapley. Again, near Hillah, he sees four Persians carrying a corpse to a cemetery, and on hearing that they would only reach the place of interment in eight hours, under a very hot sun, declares that the corpse will by that time be "roasted outright; fit to be eaten, if the bearers have a taste that way."

Politics fare no better than graver matters with this author. The Legislature of Hawaii, it seems, is greatly to blame for its one-sided laws. The sugar-planters meet their competitors in San Francisco and Australia at a great disadvantage. They would like to have Chinese under engagements to serve for three to five years; and they would enforce contracts entered into by Hawaiians, through a process of imprisonment or otherwise. Now the law-makers are short-sighted and inequitable enough to think that Asiatics ought not to be coerced or cheated into covenants binding them to serve white employers in foreign countries for five years, and that imprisonment is a punishment which can only be applied to breaches of contract in very special cases. But this writer thinks that "the staple industry" of the island must be protected at all hazards; and he does not seem to comprehend that there might be a little "one-sidedness" in supporting the innate superiority of the Anglo-Saxon employer by the aid of penal laws. The remedies proposed for the improvement of Palestine are equally summary. There are 11,000 Jews in Jerusalem, of whom the greater part live on charity. Let them be set to work in the valley of the Jordan and the plain of Sharon, and the desert will again blossom with the rose. The following profound suggestions are well worthy the consideration of M. Lesseps or of Baron Reuter. The valley of the Euphrates is very barren; desert, in fact, as far as the eye can reach. But only "run a railway through it," and all the ancient prosperity of canals, palaces, gardens, and solid towers will speedily return. Mr. Toots, cooking his "raw material" by way of getting rid of it, did not choose a shorter road to his goal. While travelling in India, this author seems to have been singularly unfortunate in coming across Englishmen who were always abusing and vilifying the unfortunate natives. Now we have no objection to a traveller describing what he saw, even though his pictures of men or manners are somehow taken from petty captains of country steamers, keepers of second-rate hotels, and irascible subalterns. But we do strongly protest against a quotation from Mr. Bayard Taylor's work, asserting that the natives are invariably spoken of and treated with contempt, and that Englishmen, high in office, call them "niggers." What the author himself heard is one thing; what Mr. Taylor says in the way of libelling the civil and military services, is another. When Mrs. Candour thinks that we ought not to be so severe on those who only report what they hear, Sir Peter aptly replies that in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on the endorsers.

If it be true that every much-abused institution has its good points, we may concede that this writer has some qualities which, if disciplined and kept under command, might have enabled him to compile something less worthy of the rubbish-basket from his crude materials. His journey from Peking to Kiachta and across Mongolia has several redeeming features. His travels in Japan carried him to new and unworked fields. His account of Tasmania clearly explains why that colony is behind others, in spite of its fine climate and rich districts abounding in water and wood. Nor is the description of the volcanic scenery in the Sandwich Islands devoid of merit. But the book should have been expurgated, revised, and properly edited. Even then we question whether the publication could be justified. As it is, the few facts worth recording, and the descriptions of places comparatively little known, are either hopelessly buried beneath a mass of dreary commonplace, or else drift about in *gurgite vasto* of trumpery anecdotes and vulgar jests.



## JANET DONCASTER.\*

IT is perhaps a sign of original depravity in the human mind that it is apt to recoil from a book with a purpose. Even the pleasure derived in youth from reading Miss Edgeworth's charming *Moral Tales* is somewhat marred by the assurance conveyed in their title that they are designed to combine improvement with amusement, and even a good novel loses something of its interest if its purpose is obtrusively put forward. Upon this point Mr. Anthony Trollope has made some valuable remarks at the conclusion of *Ralph the Heir*, where he observes that the novelist's intention is always to point out some way to be followed, or hit some blot which ought to be wiped out, but that with a view to this it is necessary to interest the reader in his scenes and characters merely for their own sake. Mrs. Fawcett's is not a good novel, and the disagreeable impression which it produces is deepened by the consciousness that it is designed to aid some mysterious principle. For a great peculiarity of the book is that the reader is constantly aware that the writer is, as it were, standing over him and lecturing him through the medium of Janet Doncaster's adventures, and is yet at a loss to discover the meaning and object of the lecture. At one time he is led to imagine that it is to point out that it is a good thing to resist an hereditary impulse to vice. But this conclusion he might have arrived at for himself. At another time it seems as if the advisableness of speaking the truth were the principle to be inculcated, but this moral lesson may be better learnt elsewhere than in the pages of *Janet Doncaster*. There is certainly no harm in calling attention to a fact which it is good for people to remember, even though it be already well known; and there is none in attempting to clothe morality in an attractive form. It was well said by Barrow that "it may also be well to put the world out of conceit that all sober and good men are a sort of such sour or lumpy people that they can utter nothing but flat and drowsy stuff."

That part of Mrs. Fawcett's novel which seems to recommend the observance of ordinary social rules is unfortunately very flat and drowsy stuff. More serious objections may be made to that part which appears to suggest a departure from such rules. The fact that an unmarried man may fall in love with a married woman, who also falls in love with him, is not rare in real life, and is common enough in a certain class of novels. Such a situation has been frequently treated with consummate art by French writers, and it is possible to turn it to good moral effect, although there is always a danger that the attention which should be directed to the evil occasioned by an indulgence of guilty passion may rest rather upon the spurious romance of peril involved in such a proceeding. The younger Dumas is of opinion that those of his works which deal with such situations—that is to say, that nearly all his works—do great service to the cause of order and morality. That being so, one can only be sorry that he frequently defeats his own end. And it is to be observed that the French novelists' characters who allow themselves to be involved in the meshes of unlawful love are generally found out by their sin. There is no sin, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, to find out Mrs. Fawcett's principal characters, Forsyth and Janet, who are indeed supposed to be persons of unusually lofty moral qualities. They are placed in an undoubtedly trying position; and it is by no means unnatural that they should fall in love with each other. But in the pedantic manner in which they mix up their solitary scene of love-making with what they are pleased to term "higher education," and in the cold-blooded calculation which they make of the probable death of Janet's husband, and their agreement to wait for that desirable event, there is something unusually offensive. They have to wait four years for this catastrophe, and during that time it is consoling to learn that they were sometimes "left by the hostess for one half-hour's bliss in the solitude of an overcrowded London drawing-room," and that some other occasions were regarded by them as days to be marked by a red letter, "as, for instance, when Janet was whirled past Forsyth in a hansom cab." It is yet more gratifying to find that Janet's love for Forsyth before circumstances allowed her to marry him by removing her inconvenient husband, "enriched her whole nature by widening her sympathies and giving her an insight into the emotional side of men and women's characters, of which she had before been unconscious." The moral to be deduced from this is, apparently, that if a woman does not love her husband, she had better "widen her sympathies" by finding some one else to love, and marry when an opportunity occurs. It is conceivable, however, that in some cases such an opportunity might never occur. Many habitual drunkards have lived to a good old age, and even if the cause for which a woman left her husband were his inherited love for drink, it is possible that he might not drink himself to death.

Mr. Charles Leighton, who, in addition to his inherited misfortune, is unhappy enough to be married to Janet Doncaster, is the nephew of Lady Ann Leighton, through whose agency the events upon which Mrs. Fawcett's novel turns are brought about. As his mother is a singularly weak woman, Lady Ann practically assumes the charge of her nephew, and is constantly on the look-out for some means of correcting or checking his unfortunate propensities. At one time she is struck by the firm expression of a friend's servant, and immediately secures him as a valet for Charlie. At another she engages Forsyth as his travelling tutor,

and on a third occasion she is so impressed by Janet's mouth and chin that she resolves to marry her to Charlie, and carries out her resolution. This is the more easily accomplished as Janet's mother is on the point of dying, and leaving her penniless. That Lady Ann was not a particularly nice woman may be judged from an interview between her and Mrs. Leighton, Charles's mother, whose dead husband was afflicted with the family curse of a craving for drink:—

Lady Ann was thinking, with great satisfaction, "The child is not a Leighton;" when her sister-in-law interrupted her thoughts by saying in a desponding tone, "I am afraid Charlie gets this nervousness from me; how I wish he were more like his dear father."

"Good heavens, Emily!" broke out Lady Ann. "How can you say you wish him to be like his father?"

Almost for the first time in her life Mrs. Leighton thought Lady Ann unkind. She longed to cherish the luxury of investing her dead husband with imaginary virtues and of covering all his faults with oblivion. Lady Ann had reminded her roughly that her married life had given her no right to cherish tender memories, and that her widowhood could not be filled by an inextinguishable sense of loss. She made no reply, but Lady Ann saw that her eyes filled with tears, and she was touched by pity for the gentle, clinging nature. Lady Ann took her hand and placed it within her own arm.

"I cannot forget and forgive, even the dead," she said, in a low voice.

Lady Ann's manner of expressing her pity was certainly original. And she cannot be thought to have been warranted in lying to Forsyth in order to prevent his warning Janet of her future husband's peculiarities. But Lady Ann, who is evidently regarded by the writer as a type of all that is villainous, is a much better woman than Janet Doncaster, who is held up as a character to be admired and imitated. Janet's first discovery that she has married a man who has an hereditary madness for drink is made about a fortnight after their marriage. During this time she has observed that his valet Marston has an unaccountable influence over him, and she not unnaturally takes a prejudice against the man on this account. One evening Janet, whose ideas are as remarkable about cookery as about other things, imagines that some dish at dinner requires a sauce of burnt brandy, and observes:—

"My great idea in cooking is burning brandy. If I had to order dinner, I should always have some fireworks in one form or another. Will you bring some brandy, please?" she added, turning to Marston.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, "there is no brandy in the house!"

Janet believed, she scarcely knew why, probably from something in the tone of the man's voice, that this was not true. When he went out of the room she said, "That man rules us with a rod of iron; I believe he thinks we are perfect babies, and that we should set our pinafores on fire if we had sauce aux enfers."

"He means it all in kindness, dearest," said her husband.

The brandy is procured, and left in Mr. Leighton's company after dinner, when Janet goes away to write her letters. After this Mrs. Fawcett says, "It is difficult to write of what followed." She does not, however, recoil from the difficulty, but goes on to relate how Janet finds her husband helplessly drunk under the table, how Marston the valet is surprised to find that she had been kept in ignorance of his habits, and how he says to her, "They that 'ave married him and you, ma'am, 'as done a wicked thing. If I 'ad known 'ow you was put upon, I'd 'ave told you myself, that I would, Lady Ann or no Lady Ann." Having learnt, partly from the evidence of her eyes, partly from the revelations of the confidential Marston, what kind of a life is before her if she remains with her husband, Janet makes her way to Lady Ann, with whom she has a stormy interview, the conclusion of which shall be told in Mrs. Fawcett's own words:—

"We have suffered such agonies all these years, Janet," whispered Lady Ann; "no one knows what we have suffered. His father and grandfather before him were the same. My child, we will welcome you like an angel from heaven if you will stay with us!"

Janet hardly heard her; her resolve was hardening that she would never live with her husband again. "His father and grandfather before him," she repeated, mechanically. "Yes," said Lady Ann, who now threw her arms round Janet and whispered, "Say you will stay with him, my darling, and help us!"

"No, no; a thousand times no! I dare not. It is horrible! You said just now, 'If you had a son,' I will never have a son, nor any child to inherit this horrible curse."

After leaving Lady Ann, Janet finds shelter for a while with an old servant, Mrs. Barker, whose remarks upon Janet's proceedings seem singularly to the purpose. "What I say is," she observes, "hev he a wife or hev he not? If he hev, he don't ought to be left alone, whatever he is, or whatever he's done!" The high-souled Janet, however, is to be moved by no such simple arguments as these; and as she is determined to make a living for herself, it is fortunate that the kindness of Mr. Williams, an old friend's husband, procures her enough work in the way of translation to give her a decent income. By a curious chance Forsyth arrives to take possession of Mr. Williams's house while he is away, and on his arrival learns for the first time that Janet married Mr. Leighton without any knowledge of his previous history. "A word from you," says Mrs. Williams, "might have saved her." Forsyth, with a face "white as ashes" replies, and of course his reply is almost in a whisper, "Are you certain it is true? I thought she had been told. I thought—I was a damned fool, I ought to have known that she was as pure as snow, and that Lady Ann was lying." Forsyth's estimate of his own capacities conveyed in the speech just quoted is the only sentiment uttered by him throughout the book with which one is disposed to agree. That Janet and Forsyth, left practically alone in a retired country place, should fall in love with each other, is, as has been said, by no means improbable. The manner in which

\* *Janet Doncaster*. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

they discover their love is, however, ludicrous enough to deserve mention. They meet in an old tower, from the top of which Janet drops her fan on to a buttress. She is much vexed at this, but is careful to explain to Forsyth that she values the fan only because it was once her mother's and grandmother's, for "she did not wish Forsyth to think she would spend much regret over the loss of a fan *quid fan*." Forsyth heroically offers to get the fan by climbing down, and is about to carry out his intention when Janet "sprang to the place from which he would have descended; her eyes were lit as if with fire. 'You shall not do it. I would die rather than let you. I don't care for the trumpery fan, I care for you.'" Hard upon this follows the ridiculous, and worse than ridiculous, scene of love-making which has been already mentioned; and after that the book is concluded by Janet and Forsyth marrying, and, it is to be presumed, living happily ever afterwards. It has been already pointed out that *Janet Doncaster* is not a pleasant book; it is also a production of singular tediousness.

#### ROBERTS'S CHURCH MEMORIALS AND CHARACTERISTICS.\*

WE cannot help regarding the publication of this volume as an anachronism, the venial mistake of a dutiful son. The Norfolk rector, who has held his present preferment ever since 1831, thus tardily submits to us a work written by his father shortly before his death, in 1849, at the advanced age of eighty-two, as "the last and most elaborate effort of his pen." The elder Mr. Roberts indeed was a person of some mark in his time. Born in 1767, he graduated at Oxford in 1788, having carried off at fifteen the open scholarship at Corpus Christi, then almost the only one for which all comers were free to take their chance, and which a few years later was the first distinction won by Henry Phillpotts, the great Bishop of Exeter. Mr. Roberts, however, chose quite a different line from that of his illustrious successor in the scholarship; and, after residing for a while at Oxford as a Fellow of Corpus, was called to the Bar, and wrote several legal text-books, such as a *Treatise on Wills and Codicils*, useful enough at the time, but necessarily doomed to be superseded and long since forgotten. He ultimately retired from practice, dividing his time between the duties of his modest post of Commissioner in Bankruptcy and the literary pursuits which he seems always to have loved best. Yet we hardly know whether Minerva proved to him on the whole a kinder mistress than Themis. From his son's brief and becoming "Introductory Notice" we learn that William Roberts, in conjunction with a friend, the Rev. J. Beresford, set on foot a periodical sheet on the plan of the *Spectator*, which was styled the *Looker-on*. It extended to four volumes, and in the collected form belongs to that dreary series of *British Essayists* which half a century ago was thought an essential part of every library, but of which no living creature under sixty remembers a word, save indeed some hundred papers or so, the masterpieces of Addison and Johnson, whom no superincumbent load of pretentious mediocrity can rob of their native spirit and lustre. Mr. Roberts's next venture was a more ambitious one. It was no less than a review on the scale of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, which he edited for several years, and which bore the title of the *British*. To the reader of *Don Juan* the very name of that review is suggestive more of fun than of reverence for the editor. Few will have forgotten the following delicious doggerel:—

The public approbation I expect,  
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,  
Which I with their amusement will connect  
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);  
Meantime they'll doubtless please to recollect  
My epical pretensions to the laurel;  
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,  
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the *British*.  
I sent it in a letter to the Editor,  
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—  
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;  
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,  
And break a promise after having made it her,  
Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,  
All I can say is—that he had the money.

It seems almost incredible that the editor of the *British Review* should have taken all this wicked banter in sober earnest. He had once been a boy himself (though we confess he must have been a learned boy), he had gone to school at Eton and St. Paul's, had lived for years in an Oxford common-room, had eaten his dinners at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, and when a simple barrister must sometimes have been in court; yet he persists, as Byron puts the case, "in tying a canister to his own tail." The poor fellow passionately protests his entire innocence; he solemnly calls upon the poet to produce the editorial letter he speaks of. "We really feel a sense of degradation as the idea of this odious imputation passes through our minds." By this folly he went far to neutralize all that others as well as he had said in the way of remonstrance and warning against the prostitution of great powers to ignoble purposes.

It is needless to add that the venerable *British* did not long survive its editor's hapless adventure, and his literary powers were next directed to *Memoirs of Hannah More*, in four volumes, which the

impatience even of the religious public under so prolonged an affliction afterwards compelled him to compress into one. It was our lot, in a remote past, to peruse the larger work, and the savour remains, though much of the substance has long since departed from our memory. The young people of this age will not easily realize how important a little person Miss Hannah once was; the companion and "chaplain" of Garrick's gentle-hearted relict; the friend of the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, the Admiral's widow; the author of ever so many nice books like *Celebs in Search of a Wife* which have received their *euthanasia*; the patroness of rhyming milkmaids; herself, too, the centre of a coterie at Bristol, whereof Mr. Roberts was a distinguished ornament, on the score of his having been reputed a genius in his youth. It must have been towards the close of a life spent in such society and such pursuits that the octogenarian girded himself to the mighty task of writing the history of the first six centuries of the Christian Church. Obsolete, a thing of the distant past, his performance must have been, when left almost finished in 1849. The quarter of a century which his son has allowed to elapse between the author's death and the publishing of his labours has certainly not added to their freshness or enhanced their value in any way.

In combining Mr. Arthur Roberts's two pages of introductory notice with our own recollections of his father's literary career, we have virtually been reviewing *Church Memorials and Characteristics*. They are certainly not worse than we had expected to find them, and in the nature of things they could not be materially better. William Roberts had been writing books and reviews all his life long, and the intellectual faculty is not wont to grow stronger, or the style to become more pointed and vigorous, after a man is well turned of seventy. In respect of accurate scholarship or recondite learning also, what has not been acquired before must then be given up as hopeless. Yet, in spite of these considerable drawbacks, we cheerfully admit that, if Mr. Roberts's volume had appeared in 1824 instead of 1874, it would have been, for the period which it covers, by far the best treatise on its subject in English. When, in 1834, that true and devout scholar, Hugh James Rose, was pressing on his pupils in the new University of Durham the obligation and benefit of studying Church history, he knew of no work which he could conscientiously recommend to them. Neander, Milman, Robertson, were not as yet; but since some textbook they must have, he had to name Mosheim, though he fairly told his hearers that the only pleasure that driest of authors would bring to them would be the sense of relief experienced whensoever they could lay his book out of their hands. Of our own countrymen the report was even worse. Intelligence, research, and spirit abound in the pages of Gibbon, but the writer of the *Decline and Fall* hated Christianity, and turned to view the darker side of her story only to malign her with insidious praise. Jortin, "the most low-minded of all low-minded men," had "just that knowledge of human nature which some call a knowledge of the world—the knowledge of whatever is petty, and mean, and selfish; the shrewdness to perceive, and the humour to set it in a ludicrous light." The only remaining writer of early Church history then accessible in England was Dean Milner, whose almost unparalleled ignorance of his subject was partly hidden by a certain terseness of language and confidence of tone, partly condoned by a section in the Church for whose assurance in the faith as held by Luther he chose to write, and whose peculiar dogmas he was "quite resolved to find or make anywhere, and to give the history, not of Christianity, but of certain opinions which he deemed to be the whole of it." These opinions, embodied in the two Augsburg Confessions (1530 and 1540), and other like documents emanating from the Lutheran body, were perhaps regarded by Mr. Roberts pretty much in the same light as by Dean Milner, as being not so much expositions of Gospel doctrine as the blessed Gospel itself. But the difference between the two writers was nevertheless a very important and practical one—namely, that whereas Milner, who knew nothing worth knowing about the matter, found all primitive and mediæval Christians at one with himself (except of course the Man of Sin, and those who shared in his abominable enormities), Roberts, who had read a little, and sometimes more than a little, of the original writers of early times, was obliged in common good faith to note or deplore or excuse a falling off, even among the greatest names, from his own narrow standard of orthodoxy, and thus sets the least careful inquirer on thinking, perhaps on scratching the doubtful surface for himself.

After what we have said of this belated volume, it cannot be requisite to analyse its contents very minutely, or to indicate its special defects. That it is less bad than its author's antecedents might have led us to anticipate we have freely admitted. "Its distinguishing feature," says his son, "will be found to be that its views are based upon purely Scriptural principles, whilst, as a composition, gracefulness and vigour will probably be allowed to be its characteristics." On the subject of Scriptural principles we have perhaps said enough already, and, without praising William Roberts's style over-much, we will allow that it is just what might be looked for from one who had so long held the pen of a ready writer, and it is a great deal too good for his matter. For the early period of Church history his narrative is intolerably brief and superficial, and he does not so much as touch upon those topics which have the deepest interest for modern readers—the lives and writings of the Apostles and Evangelists, the formation of the canon of the New Testament Scriptures, the doctrine and government of the Christian

\* *Church Memorials and Characteristics; being a Church History of the First Six Centuries*. By the late William Roberts, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Edited by his son, Arthur Roberts, M.A., Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1874.



community in primitive times. He has paid most attention to the fourth century, the age of Jerome and Augustine, and positively revels in the sorry task of tracing the misdoings of the Popes and the growing corruption in doctrine and practice during the ages of anarchy and confusion which ensued. As he approaches the end of his labours, he has to relate the sending forth of Augustine to the heathen Saxons of our own land; and we the more regret to meet with such a passage as the following since it must be one of the latest that the author ever put to paper:—

The expedition was not embarked in by the faint-hearted monk until after many delays and misgivings, and with an inferiority of zeal that sinks him very far below the standard of our modern missionaries, who pass on to their work over the perilous seas to shores frowning upon them with their torrid influences, or their menacing ridges of eternal frost, and this with a chivalry of heart that, in the cause of God and the soul, knows neither fear nor reproach.

It is happily not necessary to the vindication of St. Augustine of Canterbury that we should disparage the faithful exertions of modern missionaries. But we must protest against the tone in which he speaks throughout of one of the greatest benefactors of our Church and nation. He acquits Augustine of having taken any "active" part in the terrible slaughter of the monks of Bangor, for the not insufficient reason that he seems to have been dead a whole year before the foul deed was enacted; but then the Archbishop "anticipated the massacre which afterwards took place" (p. 354), and "he has been called an excellent prophet who could so well secure the accomplishment of his own prediction" (p. 353). We suppose all this is fair in controversy with the Pope and his emissaries; but if this is writing "a biographical Church History" on Scriptural principles, we know not how to distinguish its temper from that which actuated Voltaire or Gibbon.

To his father's work the editor annexes a few additional notes of no great importance. One assertion which he hazards about the Ignatian Epistles has not a little surprised us. The chief, though scarcely the avowed, objection to the shorter letters of Ignatius arises from the fact that he so distinctly states and earnestly upholds the three several orders of the clergy—bishops, priests, and deacons—as in his time established in the Church. This of course scandalizes the elder Roberts, who says bluntly that, "if the passages above cited are fairly chargeable upon Ignatius, his otherwise unsullied memory must bear at least some of the blame of the sacerdotal pride too generally characteristic of the first ages of Christianity." His father's solution seems to the Norfolk vicar scarcely a happy one, and he adds on his own account:—

The important publication of Mr. Cureton has gone far to exonerate Ignatius from the authorship of such passages as those above quoted, inasmuch as they are not to be found in the valuable Syriac MS. of which he has presented the public with a translation.

The truth is that while, for the sake of the Roberts theory, they ought not to be found in the Syriac abridgment of the Epistles, in point of fact they are there in substance, if not in so many words. One other specimen of this gentleman's diligence will surely be enough to tell the student what he has to expect from *Church Memorials*. Every admirer of Dr. Maitland's trenchant *Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England* will remember John Bale, Bishop of Ossory in Edward VI.'s reign, who, taking refuge abroad when evil days came on, could find at Basle no better occupation than that of composing for home circulation most scurrilous libels against those in power, "gagling Gardiner, bocherly Bonner, and trifeling Tunstall, with other bloudy biteshapes and franticke papistes of England"; this effusion bearing date in 1554, before a single fire had been lit in Smithfield. Yet this wretched bigot is the authority alleged for identifying the Pope with the Beast of the book of the Revelation whose number is 666. "Oratores monachos in Angliam misit Theodorum quendam Græcum et Hadrianum Afrum circa ann. Dom. 666 qui a Christo nato numerus est nominis Bestie, ut . . . ." but any one, if he pleases, can supply Bale's abuse for himself. Now the "Theodorus quidam Græcus" is our great Primate, Theodore of Tarsus, who brought with him into England Greek books which still survive, and the love of Greek learning, which is hardly yet quite extinct among us. The reader will have marked, though Mr. Arthur Roberts must surely have overlooked, the quiet limitation "circa ann. 666." The real date of Theodore's mission is A.D. 668, though for our own part we would just as soon have accepted Bishop Bale's charitable hypothesis if he had indicated the true year instead of suggesting a false one.

#### WOLF-HUNTING IN BRITANNY.\*

IT is twenty years since the author of this spirited volume went wolf-hunting in the Breton forests, and there can be little doubt that during these twenty years the sport must have deteriorated. The wolves, however, are far from being exterminated, for only last autumn a friend of the author's saw the bodies of five full-grown animals drawn in triumph through the streets of Quimper. Nor is it surprising that they should still be tolerably plentiful, notwithstanding the persistent attentions of legitimate sportsmen and the trapping and ambushing of peasants and poachers. There are many packs of wolf-hounds still to be found in France, but out of the most secluded valleys of the more remote Pyrenees there is no such shelter for wolves as in the wild uplands of Lower Brittany.

\* *Wolf-Hunting and Wild Sport in Lower Brittany.* By the Author of "Paul Pendril," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

Travellers who have merely skirted its black woods and dreary wastes in the convenient railway that rings the province feel an oppressive sense of solitude stealing over them as they look out over the extent of rolling landscape where barren heath alternates with gloomy foliage. If you go on an expedition towards the interior with objects either sporting, artistic, or archaeological, you are struck with the lonely aspect of the scattered dwellings, and can imagine how bold beasts of prey may become when they have packed together in the dead of the winter. When a veteran wolf has been made wary by repeated escapes—and no animal has instincts that serve him better—it must be hard indeed to force him from the strongholds in which he skulks; and as for snares and pitfalls, he seems to scent them. If you can understand anything of the *patois* of the shaggy-coated peasant who jolts you along in the rough one-horse vehicle, you may beguile the way with strange stories of adventures with wolves in winter snow-storms, when they come ravaging for prey about the farmhouses and the villages. And from personal experience more recent than that of the author, we can have no doubt of the general fidelity of his descriptions, for he confesses that he may have occasionally called on his fancy to supply details where recollections have grown faint. Not only is he evidently an enthusiastic sportsman, but he writes and describes exceedingly well, and he is seldom so entirely absorbed in the chase as to forget to appreciate the picturesque side of his pursuit.

He was fortunate in good introductions and in the hearty welcome he received from the jovial Breton seigneurs, who have been famed as mighty hunters from the earliest days. Some of them, indeed, were personal friends, and had served an apprenticeship to English field-sports. In Brittany they certainly hunted after a fashion of their own; but they had nothing in common with their cockney countrymen who have been a favourite subject for ridicule with English caricaturists. They threw themselves heart and soul into the chase. They would hold out through the longest and hardest day when once the game was afoot, and rough it to any extent in haphazard night quarters, however much they might value their comforts at other times. Nor was the sport by any means child's play. Nothing could be uglier than the ground over which they had to rattle their sure-footed horses, and a fall might involve something worse than bruises, especially when a man had a heavy metal horn slung to his person, to say nothing of possibly carrying a carbine to boot. The wolves and the wild boars are terrible scourges of the peasantry, killing their beasts or ravaging their crops, and sometimes endangering their persons; so they are supposed to have no law given them, although the gentlemen whose chief enjoyment is hunting them would fain cherish the breed. But at a meet of the hounds every man in the district turns out who can handle a firearm; and not the least dangerous feature in the day's entertainment is the reckless way in which the rank and file pour in their volleys whenever their detested enemies are viewed. Nor is the risk at an end, either for men or hounds, when the hunted animal has turned to bay. The wild boar in these circumstances is proverbially an ugly customer, and, coward as he is generally, even the wolf will fight to the last when there is no escape for him. As he usually picks out some formidable bit of vantage ground for his last stand, and as his great strength and tremendous jaws give him the superiority over any single hound, the high-couraged pack often suffer severely before the hunters can come to the rescue. Then the object is to rush in and dexterously deliver the death-wound with a single stroke of the hunting-knife directed to a mortal part; but should the blow fail or the blade glance from the shoulder-bone, the adventurous assailant may be in a very awkward position. The best packs have been carefully bred and selected for their particular work. They are chosen for strength and ferocity rather than speed, for occasionally the wolf will run some dozen leagues or more in a straight line heading for some distant cover. Those are preferred which we should be apt to call babbler; so that when they are drawing the woods and have been lost to sight, the hunters can tell what is happening from their voices. When the game is roused and the hounds are in full cry, the field follows afoot or on horseback to glorious bursts of sylvan melody.

The author generally hunted from Carhaix, a place which has always had a great reputation as being within easy reach of game of all sorts and sizes. The little town stands high, near the centre of the old dukedom, and on the borders of three of the wildest of its modern departments. It is surrounded by heaths and covers, interspersed here and there by scanty cultivation, and lies within a couple of leagues of the Black Mountains—so called, we presume, from the dense black woods with which they have been covered. So it was to Carhaix that the Count de St. Prix had removed with his pack, with the purpose of discharging his official duties in the neighbourhood, for M. de St. Prix filled the high Government post of Louvetier, or wolf-hunter. St. Prix was the head of an ancient Breton family, a devoted monarchist, and consequently likely enough to be popular among a highly conservative peasantry proud of their descent from the Chouans. But, independently of his birth and politics, he had won golden opinions by the way in which he went about his work. He kept up a superb pack always in prime condition, and for himself he was as eager and indefatigable as his hounds. When his old tracker had marked down a head or so of his favourite game; when peasants from a district infested by the savage marauders brought word that wolves were known to be lurking in their covers, St. Prix would be stirring at any hour, and would travel any distance. Arrangements for these solemn meets could seldom be settled offhand, for it was necessary to give

the neighbourhood notice. True, the country people often spoiled sport, either stopping the run by prematurely shooting the game, or else by heading it back when breaking cover. But, on the other hand, had it not been for these strong musters the wolves would often have got clear away; and then Bretons of all classes are almost as keen sportsmen as M. the Louvetier himself, and would bitterly have resented being left out of the fun. Under such circumstances if the Louvetier were not only respected as well as beloved in the country, there could be no hunting at all. For nothing short of the most stringent exercise of authority could preserve anything like order, or prevent the promiscuous assemblage from resolving itself into a society for the promotion of man-slaughter. The people expect to be abused right and left on occasion, and as they are perpetually blundering and breaking bounds at the cost of the hounds and at the risk of the lives of the gentlemen, the master abuses them with unaffected heartiness. To do so with impunity and to assert his ascendancy he ought to be known for freehandedness and respected as a thorough sportsman. These gatherings of all ranks, as the author describes them, present such a blending of sturdy independence and feudal submission as is but seldom nowadays to be met with in the departments of modern France.

The fault of a book of this kind is that there must necessarily be a certain monotony in it; which so far, however, simplifies the task of the reviewer, that by describing a single scene he can give a fair notion of the whole. The party of gentlemen quartered in the little inn at Carhaix were out after cocks and red-legged partridges, when a peasant accosted the master of the wolf-hounds. The man had come special from the village of Trefranc to tell M. St. Prix that "the wolves are eating us up there. Two days ago they killed my cow by daylight, and last evening they seized my horse by the gullet and would have killed him in half a minute if I had not rushed to the rescue and scared the brutes away; as it is, they have stripped his skin from the throat down to the chest." "The hounds shall be at Trefranc Rocks to-morrow at eight o'clock," was the prompt answer, and the messenger went away in joyous anticipation to rouse his district with the Breton counterpart of the fiery cross. In Lower Brittany, and especially in the interior, the peasants still dress like their ancestors; next morning they had turned out at Trefranc in shaggy goatskin cloaks, in great loose breeches of coarse sacking, the stockingless feet thrust into great sabots, and the unkempt hair falling in long rough locks over the shoulders. Every man was armed in some fashion, with a club or pike, if not with a gun. Knowing the habits of the skulking game as well as every inch of the country, they had ringed in of their own accord each point where the wolves might be expected to break. "It will be a fiery ordeal for him, at all events," remarked one of the gentlemen. "I devoutly hope the wolf will be the only skin to suffer on the occasion." The English stranger was advised to stick close to the hounds. There he would be most likely to escape random shots, as the wolf generally keeps moving well ahead of the pack. A veteran *piqueur*, leading a famous old *limier* or sleuth-hound, came up to tell his master that he had tracked the pair of wolves they were in quest of, and that the scent was lying fresh. So it proved when half the hounds were slipped and laid on. There were twelve couple of them in all; and from the moment when they caught sight of the *piqueur* and his dog their excitement had become almost uncontrollable. For some time after the first detachment had disappeared in the cover, their voices could be heard, running cheerily on the drag; but their master's practised ear told him that as yet they had not roused the wolf, and as often as he lifted his horn for a blast he let it fall back again on his shoulder. It was exceedingly ugly riding, and the thickets in places were almost impracticable. "Twice I was dragged bodily from my saddle to the ground, while my coat was literally torn to tatters on my back; the clematis intertwined with the bushes formed a rope-like rigging as difficult to pass through as the shrouds of a ship." When St. Prix had at last to give the signal that the wolves were fairly afoot, he was held a fast prisoner by the strong tendrils that had jerked the horse he rode on his haunches. At the well-known signal, the second half-dozen of couples were thrown into the cover to assist their fellows, and then "what with horses, hounds, and echoes, the old forest of Trefranc fairly rocked with applause." For an hour the hounds ran the wolves hard, without the game being viewed for an instant; at last the couple of wolves broke simultaneously, stretching across a bare piece of heather. "The fusillade was terrific." One wolf was killed on the spot; two peasants were badly wounded by stray shots; while the second wolf, being crippled, turned back into the cover, having managed somehow to elude the hounds. They followed him up, however, and at last ran into him. Their cry ceased, and as the sportsmen drew near the scene of the encounter, they heard from the underwood "the fighting, tearing, and death struggle of the powerful brute, and with it the occasional shrieking howl of a hound lamed or maimed for life." But St. Prix dashed into the *mêlée*, hunting-knife in hand, and with one dexterous stroke behind the shoulder laid the wolf dead among the hounds.

We have perhaps said enough to show with what spirit the author describes a sport which has all the attractions of danger, and which sporting enthusiasts may probably still enjoy within easy reach of their homes. And we dare say that some people who read *Wolf-hunting in Brittany* may be tempted to go and judge for themselves how far the wolves have been killed down.

## W. B. SCOTT'S POEMS.\*

IT is difficult for sundry reasons to form a correct estimate of Mr. Scott's poetical work, and still more difficult to communicate it correctly when formed. That much of it is fitted to give refined pleasure it is easy to perceive and to say; that with all this there is little of it which has the indefinable stamp of the true poetic gift, or even the perfection of technical mastery, it is by no means hard to see, but by no means easy to say without injustice. For Mr. Scott's poems may fairly claim to be judged as the work of an amateur, the excursion of an artist in the domain of an art not strictly his own. Tried by that standard, they will be found to take a high rank in the order to which they belong. We do not of course understand by an amateur a person who undertakes to exercise a craft of which he knows nothing, and then seeks to plead his own gross ignorance as an excuse for his blunders in execution. We shall never be disposed to listen to such excuses, neither is Mr. Scott one of those who need them. He never fails for want of understanding the material he works in, and we find in him, if not poetry in the highest sense, at least an intelligent and sympathetic knowledge of poetry. Often the only thing wanting is that sort of complete grasp and command of both matter and instruments which a man cannot have except in his own particular art.

Even without the extraneous knowledge and without the dedication, fancifully placed at the end of the volume, to "A. C. S.," "D. G. R." and "W. M.," one could not help seeing in what air and under what influences Mr. Scott's poetical character has been formed, or at any rate has received its later developments. The point in which it most strongly resembles Mr. Rossetti's is an exceedingly uncommon one. The sonnet is, as a rule, the last form of composition in which a writer of verse attains continuous or assured excellence. But Mr. Rossetti handling the sonnet is appreciably stronger, in our judgment very much stronger, than Mr. Rossetti dealing with other shapes of verse; and whether the cause be some curious native coincidence of artistic temperament, or something less or more, the same thing is unmistakable in Mr. Scott's work. Of the ballads and other miscellaneous pieces, indeed, one cannot find much more to say than that there is no harm in them. Some of these are nothing else than exercises in Mr. Rossetti's ballad manner; a manner which we do not enough admire even at its best to take any great pleasure in reproductions of it by other hands, however ingenious and faithful. Others are fledglings of lyrical song, which come doubtless of a good stock, but seem hardly strong-winged enough for the outer air. One leaves many of these efforts with a more or less distinct sense of shortcoming, a feeling by instinct rather than by inference that the writer had somewhat in him to say beyond his means and skill to express. Thought is not wanting, but it struggles and is ill at ease in its garment of measured words. Yet, since it is there after all, the reader will not go away from even these less satisfactory portions without reward. The vision of human life shortly told in the "Rhyme of the Sun Dial," for example, gives us a fine idea, which falls short of being finely worked out by the measure of the unassignable and unpassable difference between the master's touch and the amateur's; we miss just some stroke of firmness here, some addition of fullness there, which should have made the work perfect. Again, there are particular lines and passages of no common merit. In one place we read thus of the smallness of the present, as it seems to one who comes on it fresh from questioning an interminable past:—

The interests of the present seem no more  
Than fool's-play, wind in trees, an even-song;  
And all our dear wise generation shrinks  
Into small grasshoppers, or clamouring storks  
That build frail nests on roofs of kingless towers,  
Uncertain as storm-scattered clouds, or leaves  
Heaped up as day shrinks coldly in.

But when we come to the sonnets we find that we can rest on them with a much less qualified and occasional satisfaction. In form, it is true, they are almost always irregular as compared with the strict Italian model. The sumptuary law which prescribes only two distinct rhymes in the first eight lines is seldom, if ever, observed; the tercets indulge in unfettered variations; and sometimes the structure is quite broken up. In short, Mr. Tomlinson, whose ingenious essay we noticed about half a year ago, would probably find much matter for rebuke in the many licences here taken. But our wilful English usages have already supplied ample precedent for all this, and it is too late to make any one person answerable who chooses to adopt them. The last two sonnets of the series entitled "Outside the Temple" may be taken as a good specimen of the general quality:—

## ONENESS OF ALL.

(PEBBLES IN THE STREAM.)

Upon this rustic bridge on this warm day—  
We rest from our too-thoughtful devious walk;  
Over our shadows its melodious talk  
The stream continues, while oft-times a stray  
Dry leaf drops down where these bright waters play  
In endless eddies, through whose clear brown deep  
The gorgeous pebbles quiver in their sleep;  
The stream still flows, but cannot flow away.

\* Poems by William Bell Scott. Illustrated by Seventeen Etchings by the Author and L. Alma Tadema. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.



Could I but find the words that would reveal  
The unity in multiplicity,  
And the profound strange harmony I feel  
With these dead things, God's garments of to-day;  
The listener's soul with mine they would anneal,  
And make us one within eternity.

## A SYMBOL.

At early morn I watched, scarce consciously,  
Through the half-opened casement the high screen  
Of our trees touched now by the brightening sheen  
Of the ascending sun: the room was grey  
And dim, with old things filled this many a day,  
Closing me in, but those thick folds of trees  
Shone in the fresh light, trembled in the breeze:  
A shadow crossed them on its arrowy way  
Cast by a flying bird I could not see;  
Then called a voice far off that seemed to say,  
Come, we are here! Such might or might not be  
What the voice called, but then methought I knew  
I was a soul new-born in death's dark clay,  
Awakening to another life more true.

The last but one furnishes in its leading thought a sort of parallel (probably by anticipation as regards the actual date of the composition) to Mr. Tennyson's shorter and more concentrated poetic speculation on the flower in the wall.

Another sequence of sonnets called "Parted Love" shows, as might be expected from the nature of the theme, more decided marks of the school with whom Mr. Scott must be reckoned, and which (at the same time that we repudiate the nickname given to it by a rival seeker of poetic fame under circumstances of aggravated bad taste) we must recognize as a distinct school with a very distinct manner. An "effluent flame of terrible surprise" in the first of these sonnets claims indisputable kindred with the fires and flowers that burn and blossom with strange and shifting splendour in Mr. Swinburne's various writings—a splendour perilous even in the master's own hands, and not to be lightly kindled at any lesser man's bidding. We can select, however, chiefly for the sake of the finished beauty of the tercets, another sonnet where none of this mannerism is apparent:—

## MORNING.

Last night,—it must have been a ghost at best,—  
I did believe the lost one's slumbering head  
Filled the white hollows of the curtained bed,  
And happily sank again to sound sweet rest,  
As in times past with sleep my nightly guest,  
A guest that left me only when the day  
Showed me a fairer than Euphrosyne,—  
Day that now shows me but the unfilled nest.  
O night! thou wert our mother at the first,  
Thy silent chambers are our homes at last;  
And even now thou art our bath of life.  
Come back! the hot sun makes our lips athirst;  
Come back! thy dreams may recreate the past,  
Come back! and smooth again this heart's long strife.

A somewhat different tone again is found in a third sequence under the name of "The Old Scotch House." In some of these there is to our mind more freedom and freshness than in any other part of the book. There is the true flavour of light and air and the growing year in this on "A Spring Morning":—

## A SPRING MORNING.

Vaguely at dawn within the temperate clime  
Of glimmering half-sleep, in this chamber high,  
I heard the jackdaws in their loopholes nigh,  
Fittfully stir: as yet it scarce was time  
Of dawning, but the nestlings' hungry chime  
Awoke me, and the old birds soon had flown;  
Then was a perfect lull, and I went down  
Into deep slumber beneath dreams or rhyme.  
But, suddenly renewed, the clamouring grows,  
The callow beakings clamouring every one,  
The grey-heads had returned with worm and fly;  
I looked up and the room was like a rose,  
Above the hill-top was the brave young sun,  
The world was still as in an ecstasy.

Some other occasional and solitary sonnets which are scattered towards the end of the volume do not seem to us to be equal to those we have dwelt upon. It is rather vexatious to have to note small mechanical defects in a book where the mechanical execution has been attended to with so much pains as obviously must have been given in this case, and on the whole with great success; and we feel somewhat tempted to keep the fact to ourselves; but perhaps it is best to give the warning, and to point out that the effect of the sonnet No. IV. in "Parted Love" is marred to the reader's eye by the grotesque misprint of *stewed* for *strewed* in the lines which describe the

          dreadful floor of stagnant green  
Strewed with the bones of lovers that have been.

In a general way, however, the book, as an amateur's book should be, is thoroughly well cared for in printing and all other externals. Nor must we forget the special attraction added to it by the author's own graceful and spirited etchings, and by a certain number contributed by Mr. Alma Tadema. These last are concerned unhappily with subjects which we cannot but think rather un congenial to the artist; all but the last, a really admirable sketch of the Great Sphinx, which indeed might in itself stand for an unwritten poem, and by an unavoidable fate overshadowed and outweighs the written text it professes to illustrate.

## MYTHOLOGY OF THE ESQUIMAUX OF GREENLAND.\*

A TOLERABLY full account of a branch of mythology which is little known even to the generality of mythological students is given by the Abbé Morillot, whose treatise, after appearing among the "Acts" of the French Philological Society, is now published in a separate form. Much research was necessary to acquire the information which it conveys; authorities are freely given by its author, and probably little is known of the subject of which it treats beyond what may be found within its narrow limits.

Greenland first became known as a land of promise for Scandinavian emigrants. It was discovered towards the end of the tenth century by Eirik, the son of a proscribed Norwegian who had retired to Iceland. Eirik gave it the name which it still bears (Greenland), and settled upon it with his followers about the year 985. Leif, one of two sons, originally like his brother a Pagan, was converted to Christianity in the course of a voyage to Norway, and at the entreaty of King Olaf Trygvesson undertook to establish the true faith in Greenland. His pious work was not without fruit, and soon a handsome church was erected in the new colony; but a wider diffusion of Christianity took place under the royal saint Olaf Haraldsson, and in 1034 Greenland was placed under the spiritual direction of Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen. The first bishop of the colony was appointed in 1126, and had more than twenty successors, while churches spread in all directions. In the fifteenth century all these sacred edifices were in ruins. The supplies from Norway fell short, and the numbers of the colonists gradually diminished, till at last these were exterminated by the Pagan people whom we call Esquimaux. The origin of these people, whose personal peculiarities it is unnecessary to describe, is a matter of dispute. Some would trace them to Asia, others would derive them from America, and it is to the former view that M. Morillot inclines. But it is with the strange mythology of the Esquimaux and its accompanying rites that we have here to do.

According to the tradition of the Esquimaux, the whole world is inhabited by demons; but these are under the control of a superior Being named Törnarsuk, a personal deity without sex, who, in spite of their own malignant nature, compels them to be useful, and prohibits them from doing harm to man. As the source of wisdom and science, he provides mankind with the means of combating evil and attaining good; and he will respond to an invocation, either in his own person or through the medium of a spirit; but to know him thoroughly it is necessary to acquire that degree of perfection which raises an ordinary man to the condition of an Angakok or priest. The residence of Törnarsuk is in the Lower World, a distinct region, apart from our earth and sea, which are supported by pillars. It may be reached by water and through crevices in the earth. The Upper World, on the other hand, is but a continuation of our own, containing mountains, valleys, lakes—in fact, every variety of things terrestrial—and may be reached by an ascent from the middle of the ocean. As for the stellar sky immediately above us, it consists of a solid material, and moves on the summits of a mountain situated in the north, and probably forming part of the Upper World. To one of the two worlds the souls of all the departed are compelled to go, their lot being decided by the decree of Törnarsuk. The Lower is better than the Upper World, abounding as it does in heat and food; but the blessed whose abode it is to be cannot reach it without gliding for five days upon craggy rocks. The souls in the Upper World dwell in tents, situated on the banks of frozen lakes, and suffer from cold and hunger. Their amusement is to play at tennis, with heads of the hippopotamus for balls, and this recreation, by what process it is hard to explain, is the cause of the Aurora Borealis. What we have here stated accords with the primitive belief of the Esquimaux. Those who have been converted to Christianity place their paradise above the solid vault of the sky, but immediately below it the awful tennis-players continue their sport, and when the Aurora Borealis appears it is not safe to take one's walks abroad, as the spirits are likely to leave off their game, and, descending through the air, to carry off the living. According to a pretty Christian tradition, the heavenly vault sometimes opens and the song of the angels may be heard. That the old and new systems may be reconciled, there is a theory that the virtuous souls in the Lower World can emigrate to the Christian paradise above.

To return to pure Paganism. Besides Törnarsuk there is another power of superior rank, who has the appearance of a female, and is called Arnakuagssak, or "Old Woman." She resides in the sea, and when the fish do not rise to the surface, it is supposed that she confines them in the depths, angered by certain little monsters which settle upon her face. Under these circumstances, which may result in a famine, the best plan is to call in aid the services of a powerful Angakok, who, by means of certain rites, will descend to the bottom of the sea, drive away the small offenders, and smooth the ruffled temper of the goddess, who will then allow her marine subjects to ascend to the surface and become food for hungry Esquimaux. Belief in a Creator is not an article in the Esquimaux creed. Man was not created by Törnarsuk, but sprang from the earth, and according to some traditions the first man, named Kallak, formed the first woman from a clod. M. Morillot supposes that Törnarsuk symbolizes Reason or Intelligence,

\* *Mythologie et Légendes des Esquimaux du Groenland.* Par l'Abbé Morillot. Paris: Maisonneuve & Co. 1874.

and that material life is personified in the submarine goddess; but this hypothesis, especially where the study of a very primitive people is concerned, scarcely accords with the modern method of interpreting mythology.

The ancient faith has not been wholly effaced by the labours of Christian missionaries. Early in the last century a zealous Danish clergyman set out from Bergen with his wife and children, and devoted fifteen years to the conversion of the Esquimaux. His example was afterwards followed by his sons and some of the Moravian brethren; but a very imperfect Christianity was the result of the good work. In the midst of the new faith many of the old traditions held their own. If Törnarsuk can no longer flourish as a god, he still exists as a demon, and the belief in fallen angels, inculcated by the missionaries, assigns to him a position analogous to that awarded to the classical deities by the early fathers. He is still powerful; he can show himself in many places, always looking very hideous; and he can vanish underground in the twinkling of an eye. Where he has ceased to command, he can nevertheless awaken terror, and that, after all, is something. Arnakungasák is even more handsomely treated. Under missionary influence she has been looked upon as the mother of the Devil, and is still called the "parent of those below." But the notions of "above" and "below" must be necessarily somewhat lax among the Esquimaux, who persist in thinking that the "Old Woman" is better than she is painted by their instructors, and that, although the entire universe is governed by one Supreme Being, she still exercises a sort of independent sovereignty over the waters.

According to the old belief every being endowed with animal life, human or other, had a soul distinct from the body, which it could quit without necessarily causing death, and into which it could return. Although visible to especially gifted men only, it had exactly the same form as the body to which it belonged, while of a more delicate and ethereal essence. After the death of the body its existence continued, and traces are to be found of a belief in transmigration presented under a strange aspect. Not only could the soul of a living man animate a dead one, not only could it enter the body of an inferior animal, not only could it be cut to pieces and come together again, but the lost portion of one soul could be replaced by the corresponding portion of another. A belief in ghosts and haunted houses, universally diffused over Greenland, is apparently attributed by M. Morillot to the influence of the Scandinavian settlers; but we do not see how the ordinary everyday spectre of the country village could do otherwise than flourish in the presence of the aboriginal creed described above.

The Christian missionaries succeeded in bringing these odd notions concerning the soul into a tolerably orthodox condition, but they were not equally fortunate when dealing with the "Inue" (in the singular "Inua"), or geni, who still retain their primitive form in the minds of the Esquimaux. By these, according to ancient tradition, the whole visible world was governed, under the supreme rule of Törnarsuk; and although some of them were merely human souls, elevated after their separation from the body, others had always been "Inue" and nothing else. High among the "Inue" proper are the "Ingersuit," who dwell on the sea-coast and who are subdivided into a good and evil class. The former protect the conductors of the "Kajak" (the Esquimaux boat), and among the rocks may sometimes be found a pleasant spot upon which their habitations are built. In such a place the fishing implements proper to Greenland, but fashioned in a superior style, may also be discovered, and there are provisions in abundance. The good "Ingersuit" not only protect fishermen, who would often perish without their assistance, but fish on their own account, having boats of their own. They are generally invisible, but it is known that their form is human, save that their noses are abnormally small and that they have red eyes. Widely different from the good "Ingersuit" who inhabit the rocks on the coast are others who dwell in the depths, and have neither nose nor hair, and who only sail forth for the purpose of carrying off sturdy boatmen. When they have them safe in their clutches, they hide their fishing implements, cut off their noses, and keep them in a state of horrible captivity. The Abbé tells us that when one would console those whose friends or relatives have been shipwrecked, one tells them that the lost person has been carried off by an "Ingersuak" (the singular form of the plural "Ingersuit"), but the solace looks exceedingly like that of a Job's comforter.

The religious system above described was favourable to the growth and maintenance of a powerful hierarchy. With the aid of the protecting "Inua" the Angákok (in the plural Angákut) or priest performed the high functions attached to his office. To obtain a position so elevated a training from infancy was required, and the child selected was first endowed by a priest with the gift of clairvoyance. It was necessary that he should conquer all fear of spectres or geni, and by frequent acts of devotion, such as fasts and invocations to Törnarsuk, always performed near the same spot, the soul of the neophyte was freed from the bondage of the flesh and the outer world. When he had reached this degree of elevation the great Törnarsuk himself appeared to him and presented him with a "Törnak," or assistant genius. During this process of initiation, as it may be called, the neophyte became insensible. There are caverns in Greenland where stones with a broad surface are to be seen, and it is said that the future Angákok had to rub this with a smaller stone, until the voice of Törnarsuk was heard from the depths of the earth. On this subject accounts differ. According to some this friction of stones, which does not look like a very formidable proceeding, was sufficient if the

neophyte was content to become an Angákok of an inferior order; but, if he was more ambitious, the blood was sucked from his veins by worms and other reptiles until he fainted from exhaustion. Having been duly initiated and suitably provided with a Törnak, he had to manifest himself—that is to say, to favour less privileged persons with a taste of his quality. If he could walk upon pointed rocks as easily as upon snow, which in the Esquimaux mind corresponds to the soft grass of more southern people, he was all right; but if the performance did not take place within a certain time, he was bound to die.

The power of the Angákut was enormous. They were at once the legislators and judges of the people. They regulated all matters connected with religion; they alone were able to contend against sorcery. The latter faculty is most valuable, for of all the sins committed by the Esquimaux, sorcery, which was always practised for the purpose of inflicting injury, was the most deadly. Every kind of evil could be attributed to the exercise of the blackest of arts. An adept who touched with human bones the implements of a fisherman ensured the utter failure of a venture; and by mixing them with food he could cause sickness, insanity, and death. Morsels of a seal placed upon tombs rendered the owner of them unlucky in all his bargains. Arrows were fashioned which were sure to hit their mark, and inflict incurable wounds. Some of the more experienced sorcerers were able to pursue the intended victims with souls released from their bodies and encased in new forms, which were only discernible by an Angákok or a clairvoyant child. Whence the sorcerers derived their power is not recorded, and it is strange that in such a complete system of demonology as the religion of the Esquimaux, we find no attempt to personify the principle of evil. Neither, we may add, is there any personification of love, although even sleep and taste have each its representative Inua. The Angákut moreover tended the sick, furnishing or administering remedies, and sometimes, it is said, taking out their bowels, washing them, and replacing them—an operation for which the patient was expected to pay a handsome fee. If death was approaching they were liberal with their consolations, and in song, accompanied by the subdued sound of a drum, they inspired hopes of a state of happiness beyond the grave. In some cases it is believed they were empowered to reanimate the dead. By their prayers they could cause favourable weather, and of their good service in bringing fish to the surface of the waters we have already spoken. In short, the religion of the Esquimaux occupied him through all the details of life from his birth to his grave.

One of the most important rites performed by an Angákok was called a "Torninek." In the evening several persons assembled in a house from which light was completely excluded. Persons in mourning and persons of ill-repute were equally inadmissible. The Angákok caused his hands to be tied behind him, placed his head between his knees, and sat by a drum and a suspended thong. A hymn was then sung by all the company, and when it was ended the priest began to invoke Törnarsuk, or a familiar genius, accompanying his voice by blows struck upon the drum. The arrival of the Törnak was made known either by a flash of light or by a peculiar sound. If information on any subject is required or advice is to be asked, the priest puts a question, and a voice, which is that of Törnarsuk, or more frequently of an Inua, is heard to reply from without. These replies sometimes share with those given by oracles of greater repute the quality of being hard to understand. Sometimes on the occasion of these solemn assemblies it was necessary for the Angákok to fly like a genius, instead of invoking one, especially if something was to be learned or done a long way off. In this emergency he raised himself from the ground, and shot through the roof, which opened in proportion to the magnitude of his power. Whether he crossed the land or sea, his passage was always visible, and left a trace indicating to his fellow-priests the road he had taken.

Much of the difficulty that has been experienced in converting the Esquimaux even to such an imperfect Christianity as they now profess may be traced to the tyrannical manner in which they were treated by their European visitors, whose policy strongly resembled that of the Spaniards in Peru. The missionaries were, indeed, much better than the others; but then, after all, they were mere Protestants. How much more efficiently would the good work have been carried on had they been Roman Catholics! So at least thinks the Abbé Morillot.

#### ANCIENT NEEDLEPOINT AND PILLOW LACE.\*

MR. COLE sets his readers a catechism near the end of his preliminary chapter. Substantially it is as follows:—My good man, woman, or child, as the case may be, have you any views of any kind on the difference between point and pillow lace? Can you distinguish between Reticella, Punto in aria, and Punto à maglia? Do you understand the exact meaning of the terms *picot*, *réseau*, *bride*, *cordonnet*, and *mode*? And, if not, which is very likely, why do not you read and lay to heart Mr. Cole's book? It would be easy to ask a question of Mr. Cole in return. It would be satisfactory, if perhaps useless now, to know why this book, or one like it, did not come out in time for the exhibition of lace last year. Mr. Cole mentions the exhibition in his preface. He speaks, indeed, with official caution. The failure of the great

\* *Ancient Needlepoint and Pillow Lace.* By Alan S. Cole. London: Arundel Society. 1875.



bazaar as a commercial speculation is delicately veiled. An "experimental series of International Exhibitions now concluded" is spoken of with respect. That the Exhibitions were only experimental is news to us. That they were opened and carried on at a vast expense, and with every possible show of permanence, is fresh in everybody's recollection. That they were merely trials, and that, as we may hope, they were therefore so managed as to prevent any great loss of money, will be welcome pieces of information to some people. If Mr. Cole uses this form of expression now, it is very different from what was said by his colleagues two years ago. We are not unwilling, however, to let bygones be bygones, for the present at least. Our immediate concern is with Mr. Cole's book, and agreeing heartily with him when he says of the lace exhibition that it was "picturesque rather than intelligible," we proceed with his catechism and the answers he offers to his questions. Considering how many people have lace or admire it, how many buy it, and what good prices it fetches, it is odd that there should be so little accurate knowledge of the history of lace-making as a fine art. We recently had occasion to speak incidentally of the ignorance of most writers on the subject. Mr. Cole is perfectly right when he refers to the arrangement of the only two collections exhibited which had any arrangement. And he deserves praise for the modesty with which he mentions one or two books which, though he does not say so, must have been useless to him except as pointing out the errors into which so many previous writers have fallen. He certainly goes far enough back in his researches. That Bezaleel, the son of Uri, made lace for the Tabernacle seems likely to Mr. Cole. That the rough edge of the Roman toga was called *lacinia*, and that the name is derived from the Greek *laxia*, is a piece of scholarship to be acquired by five minutes' consultation with Ainsworth. But Mr. Cole is on safer ground when he attributes the full expansion, if not the origin, of lace-making, as we now have it, to Venice and the middle ages. This brings him immediately to an explanation of the meaning of the Italian words quoted above; and, soon after, to a pair of definitions for which many students will thank him. There is no doubt a confusion in his mind as to the difference between point lace and pillow lace. His explanation of the first of these words is short and simple. Point lace, he says, "is made entirely by the needle. The pattern is traced upon a piece of parchment, or other suitable material, and the stitches are then worked upon it. They are chiefly of the button-hole class." The definition of pillow-lace is neither so short nor so clear, and it may not be worth while to quote it as it stands; but a few pages further on Mr. Cole speaks of pillow lace as "a natural consequence of the primitive weaving and knotting of threads and fibres," and adds some account of how the bobbins were used in different places. In reality, however, "point" is the usual, if incorrect, term for much lace which was made partly on the pillow, and if Mr. Cole succeeds in persuading his readers to use it only for the needlework fabric, he will have introduced an element of exactness not hitherto always found in works on the subject. The reasons for the prevalent confusion are easily found. It is not every one who knows how to distinguish the two kinds of work from one another; and there is a further reason, which in itself is of some importance, though Mr. Cole seems to avoid discussing it. The French word *dentelle*, which, primarily at least, relates only to pillow lace, is commonly translated, and not without some show of right, by our word "point," which thus comes to be applied to needle lace, because it is made with a point, and to pillow lace also, because it is made in points. If we understand Mr. Cole, however, we are not any longer to use the word point lace in this fashion. It is only to be applied henceforth to lace made with a needle and without a pillow. Whether Mr. Cole is right or wrong in this strictness, we are at least glad to see some attempt to bring the subject within rules, and to introduce a little exactness in the use of terms. Lace, whether netting or embroidery, may henceforth be distinguished; but it will probably be a long time before Mr. Cole's nomenclature is generally adopted. Each new writer on the subject so far seems destined to upset and disturb all his predecessors have done. Fanciful distinctions, on which elaborate theories have been reared, vanish quickly under the application of a little uncompromising inquiry. Mr. Cole is determined to take nothing on trust, and his book is so much the better.

Of true point lace, then, needlepoint, many different schools exist. Venice, Burano, Alençon, and Brussels were the great centres of the manufacture. Mr. Cole is at some pains to show that Argentan and Argentella are comprehended under Alençon; but that the oldest work came all from Italy, where the art was already in perfection as early as the very commencement of the sixteenth century. Lace cannot have been extensively known, if at all, in Spain at this period, and the later so-called Spanish point came originally from Italy, and was only imitated in Spain. Mr. Cole is anxious to confine himself to original art, and drops the consideration of the merely imitative; on which grounds, and they are very intelligible, he gives England and her lace an extremely moderate share of his attention. He gives Italy "the credit of producing the artistic and valuable point laces which unexpectedly came out of Spain after the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries in 1830." As to Brussels point, Mr. Cole remarks that Guicciardini, in his work on the Netherlands, written about 1560, makes no mention of the manufacture. The archives and records of the import and export were burnt in 1731, and it is impossible to identify the early Brussels point with any great degree of certainty. The chief pillow laces are those known as Guipure, which originally

was of twisted silk, and the Milan, Genoa, Malines, and Valenciennes varieties. The English lace was of the same order, but, according to Mr. Cole, "the nature of the work shows that, at best, it was essentially an imitative production. Its artistic merits do not stand high. The designs are of a free, almost untutored, floral character." And with this notice he passes by the claims of his native country. We had recently occasion to notice the patriotic ardour which fires the bosom of a French writer on lace. It is mortifying in the extreme to find our English champion so readily giving up the battle. Mr. Cole's calmness, however, inspires a confidence in the reader which whole pages on the virtues, talents, victories, and future greatness of England would have failed to awaken. In his determination to do no more than justice to his country, Mr. Cole has perhaps done her a little less than justice, and, considering the fables which have been invented and believed about *point d'Angleterre* and other English laces, *summum jus* appears once more in this case to be *summa injuria*.

The photographic illustrations are twenty in number. To each plate a full description is appended, and the reader who goes carefully through the specimens and the notes will find his wits much sharpened by the exercise, for Mr. Cole is constantly setting little problems for solution, and drawing little lessons from the examples before him. Thus, the seventh picture gives him occasion for some very valuable notes of comparison of the three chief point-lace schools. The specimen is a piece of "point de Venise à réseau," and some peculiarities of the work suggest the following remarks, which may be taken as a fair example of Mr. Cole's style, as well as of his method of investigation:—

The French were diligent under the tuition of the Venetian workers in their attempts to imitate, and were to a considerable extent successful. Upon this, the skill and invention of those Venetians who remained at home to sustain their lace reputation were sorely taxed, and they perfected their *point à réseau*. Here their labours as the *principes* among art lace-workers culminated. As success attended the results of the lace establishment at Alençon, so the Venetian trade and art declined and the new Alençon point coming into existence, developed, and finally supplanted its prototype. Hence it is that the "point de Venise à réseau" having possibly had but a short existence, soon died out, and the comparatively few specimens of it have from year to year become so rare, that when a lucky collector comes across a piece of it, he is puzzled, and the only way out of his difficulty, in assigning to it a name, is to call it old "Brussels point," which it much resembles. The Brussels needlepoint lace, however, lacks the precision and extreme niceness of execution. The *cordonnet* in the Brussels straggles, and the modes are much fewer in number. The style of the design is more floral and less conventional. It is, however, a crucial test of acquaintance with lace to say what is old "Brussels point," and what "Venetian point à réseau." The earliest Brussels needlepoint, almost contemporary with the Venetian, is a purely imitative, though rare, lace; the design and quality of such work scarcely qualified it to be represented among the assemblage of specimens here shown.

In this passage the word "modes" should be in italic, rather than the word "number," but on the whole the book is fairly printed. Mr. Cole's frequent use of foreign words, and words of rare occurrence in any language, makes the correctness of the printing a matter both of importance and of difficulty, and we have little reason to find fault, although misprints certainly do occur. This book is a decided step in advance. Mr. Cole has limited himself by excluding what is not artistically good, but within his limits he has been painstaking and accurate. It would be well if china collectors went on a similar principle, and only looked for the beautiful. The literature of lace begins to assume alarming proportions; an immense quantity of mere trash and book-making has been published, but Mr. Cole's is the first considerable addition to the general stock of knowledge on the subject.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

THE associations which have made the name of Rochester a byword in English speech may possibly mislead some persons as to the character of the "Passages" of his life which have just been reproduced in facsimile under the editorship of Lord Ronald Gower; and it will be a relief to them to know that it is not what they might perhaps suppose, but a religious work of the most edifying kind. It is, in fact, a reprint of Bishop Burnet's tract of which Dr. Johnson said that it should be read by "the critic for its eloquence, by the philosopher for its argument, and by the saint for its piety." In conversation the Doctor described it more pithily as "A good Death; there is not much Life." The Bishop himself tells us that the end of his writing is to "awaken those who run into all the excesses of riot," by giving an account of "one who had run the whole circle of luxury"; but it may be imagined that he is glad to pass as lightly and delicately as possible over the early career of the notorious nobleman, and to confine himself to the period of repentance and conversion. Rochester was already worn and shattered by his excesses before his thoughts turned to a consideration of his misdeeds; and Burnet himself had evidently some doubts as to how far the resolves of the sick-bed would bear the test of a return to health and good spirits. The Bishop's remarks on this point are indeed very characteristic, not only of himself, but of a certain professional way of interpreting the mysteries of Providence. He thinks that if Rochester's life had been spared "he would have been the wonder and delight of

\* Some Passages from the Life and Death of the Right Honourable John Earl of Rochester. Reprinted in facsimile. With a Preface by Lord Ronald Gower. E. Stock.

all that knew him." "But the infinitely wise God knew better what was fit for him, and what the age deserved. For men who have so cast off all sense of God and religion deserve not so signal a blessing as the example and conviction which the rest of his life might have given them. And I am apt to think that the Divine goodness took pity on him, and seeing the sincerity of his repentance, would try and venture him no more in circumstances of temptation, perhaps too hard for human frailty." It is natural that a preacher should endeavour to make the most of a distinguished convert; but it may be doubted whether Burnet does not greatly over-estimate Rochester's intellectual qualities as well as the reality of the change which had taken place in him. There are no doubt flashes of wit amid the obscenity of Rochester's verses, but not enough to justify the idea that he could have taken a much higher flight, even if he had kept clear of the slough in which he continually dipped, and sometimes wallowed. He was a man of fair parts, and, as his conversations with Burnet show, of shrewdness and plausibility, and knew how to adapt himself to his company when he chose; but it is unnecessary to assume the existence of possible qualities of which he certainly gave no actual proof. The chief interest of this tract seems to us to lie in its robust and animated eloquence. The Bishop writes in a straightforward manly way, and with much plainness of speech when it is required. What strikes one not very pleasantly is perhaps the Chesterfieldian tone of the argument, the emphasis laid on the practical inexpediency of debauchery. The Bishop puts it to the libertines to "balance the account of what they have got by their debaucheries with the mischief they have brought on themselves," and others by them, and "they will soon see what a mad bargain they have made." A little diversion, mirth, and pleasure at the moment, and then follows a list of the evils on the other side, in which "gouts, stranguaries," and other painful physical consequences of vice have a very conspicuous place, all pointing to the conclusion that it does not really pay to be vicious. Libertines get broken in health, perhaps "disfigured beside"; and their indulgences also cost more in money than they are worth. This is just the sort of thing which Chesterfield writes to his boy; and though the Bishop does indeed touch on the higher aspects of the question, the prudential considerations certainly seem to come uppermost.

The second volume of the selections from Burke\* which Mr. Payne has edited so ably for the Clarendon Press is devoted to the well-known *Reflections* on the French Revolution. A disposition to make a sort of culte of the political wisdom of Burke has been observable among a certain school of writers in recent years, and Mr. Payne has perhaps not altogether escaped this influence, although he does not fail to point out some of the deficiencies of his hero. No one, of course, would dream of disputing Burke's intellectual eminence, but it was the unfortunate peculiarity of his genius that it was too often employed in casting the glamour of brilliant and plausible rhetoric over sophistry and paradox. His opinions were derived rather from impulse and passion than from logic and cool reflection, and he was therefore continually liable to go astray. His power of argument, however, never deserted him; and he was able to support the wildest and most extravagant propositions with an appearance of reason which his eloquence rendered peculiarly deceptive. As Macaulay has justly said, he generally chose his side as a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher. His conspicuous defect as a statesman was the uncertainty of his temper and want of practical judgment; and this is equally apparent in his writings and his speeches. He was, in fact, a thorough Irishman, with the weaknesses, as well as the best qualities, of his race. Even as a model of literary style Burke is a dangerous guide, since the noblest flights of thought and feeling are oddly mingled with strange excesses of puerility and bad taste. At its best, however, Burke's style is perhaps unsurpassed in force and colour; and Mr. Payne's selections, as well as the extremely interesting and suggestive commentary which accompanies them, deserve to be carefully studied. Mr. Payne has, we think, hit off exactly the point of view from which the *Reflections* are chiefly valuable to the modern reader; that is, not as a trustworthy account of the causes and operations of the Revolution in France—of which Burke knew little, even for a man of his own time, while we have of course the advantage of much ampler and more accurate information—but as a protest against Jacobinism, and especially English Jacobinism, of which Burke was chiefly thinking, and as a statement of the principles of that rational Conservatism which has always been the mainspring of great political movements in this country. "Every student," says Mr. Payne, "must begin, if he does not end, with Conservatism; and every reformer must bear in mind that without a certain established base, secured by a large degree of this often-forgotten principle, his best-devised scheme cannot fail to fall to the ground; the present work is the best text-book of Conservatism which has ever appeared." And though the language is strong, we are disposed to agree with him. Mr. Payne also touches on many other points suggested by Burke's writings. His introduction, indeed, is not a mere collection of criticisms of the ordinary verbal kind, but an able and original essay, showing much reading and breadth of view, on some of the chief characteristics of English literature and politics.

An entirely new edition of Dr. Ure's well-known *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines*†, carefully revised throughout,

\* *Burke. Selected Works.* Edited by E. J. Payne. Vol. II. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

† *Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.* Seventh Edition. 3 vols. Longmans & Co.

and to a large extent re-written, has been prepared under the editorship of Mr. R. Hunt, who, since the death of the originator of the work, has assumed a fatherly care of it, and adapted it in three successive editions to the advancing knowledge of the period. The list of contributors is a sufficient guarantee for the technical authority of the articles; and the editor has taken care that the phraseology should be intelligible to any ordinary reader. It is of course impossible to analyse in detail a work of this kind; but it may be said of it generally that, while the great branches of industry, such as calico-printing, mining, the iron and steel manufactures, and so on, are treated in a full and comprehensive manner, great pains have also been taken to ensure accuracy and completeness in the minor articles.

There would seem to be still some relics of genuine simplicity in the cloisters of Oxford, if we may judge from Professor Montagu Burrows's little book about Parliament and the Church of England.\* After 134 pages of rather flabby historical abstract, going over very familiar ground, we come to what the Professor calls a "practical conclusion," and this he contrives to dispose of in nine or ten pages. "If," he says, "when fresh ecclesiastical legislation is required, of a sort in which the clergy must and ought to have an independent voice, the clerical assembly could be supplemented by a body of laity in whom Parliament as well as the Church could feel confidence, the object would be attained"; and one way of doing this would be for Parliament itself to appoint from its own body a large Committee, to consult with the Convocations of both Provinces. Mr. Burrows, in his innocence, seems to imagine that all this could be comfortably arranged, and he has no doubt whatever that members who were not Churchmen would leave the matter in the hands of those who were; but it is just possible that this is not exactly what would happen. We quite agree with him, however, that it is highly desirable that "Parliament should be placed in a position to understand what it is that the Church of England really demands"; but we fancy that what it wants is simply to be let alone. Professor Burrows, in sheltering himself behind the Bishops' Pastoral Address, ignores the tolerably obvious fact that the phrase about "the refusal to obey legitimate authority" is really begging the whole question as to what is and what is not legitimate authority.

We are glad to see that, in Mr. Ross's reprint of *The Gentle Shepherd*†, he has, on the whole, kept, though not so steadily as he should have done, to the natural orthography, and has not given way to the delusion that misspelt English may be passed off as a distinct national tongue. The old Scottish accent is gradually dying out, even in the more secluded parts of the country, but no doubt any Scotchman who spoke with it would read aloud a page of English with a very different pronunciation from that of an educated Englishman. It does not follow, however, that the spelling of a printed book should be adapted to the corruptions of vulgar speech. In Allan Ramsay's writings there are a great many old words which are really Scotch in the distinctive sense, being the especial possession of that country; but when he used, as he did to a large extent, the English language, he adopted the ordinary English spelling as far as he knew it, but of course all orthography was in those days in a somewhat loose state. Some amount of national partiality is perhaps required to rise to the full height of admiration for the *Gentle Shepherd*, though Pope praised it, and Leigh Hunt, who was called a Cockney, has certainly not been unstinted in the expression of his enthusiasm. Yet all persons with any poetic taste must at least admit that, in its freshness, simplicity, and unforced spirit, it is a charming pastoral. Its plain, unaffected honesty is one of its chief merits. There is no attempt to exalt either country scenes or people into an ideal grandeur:—

A snug thack house, before the door a green;  
Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen;  
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre.

This is one of the scenes, and the characters are equally creatures of homely flesh and blood; as, for instance, Meg on a washing day:—

Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly show  
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snow;  
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,  
Her haffet-locks hung waving on her cheek.

A life of Ramsay, which is interesting, though it contains nothing new, is supplied by the editor, as well as a useful glossary. Ramsay, it may be remembered, was a bookseller, and established the first circulating library and the first theatre in Scotland.

Among recent books of poetry an honourable place must be assigned to *Preludes*, by Miss A. C. Thompson‡, a sister, we suppose, of Miss Elizabeth Thompson, who contributes several illustrations and ornamental tail-pieces to the volume. Miss Thompson's verses are remarkable for their easy flowing melody and quiet force, as well as for their delicate sentiment. The prevalent note is perhaps too uniformly sad, but it has a certain sweetness and mellowness which carry it through. The last and longest piece in the collection, entitled "A Study," rises to the height of genuine pathos.

The conditions of life in a manufacturing town are not usually supposed to be conducive to poetical inspiration; yet it is easy to conceive that the exercise of the imagination may be stimu-

\* *Parliament and the Church of England.* By Montagu Burrows, M.A. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

† *The Gentle Shepherd.* By Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh: R. & Co.

‡ *Preludes.* By A. C. Thompson. With illustrations by Elizabeth Thompson. H. S. King.



lated by the very dullness and hardness of the surroundings. Mr. Evans\*, the author of *In the Studio*, who is already known by a previous volume, is, we believe, a Birmingham poet, and has there cultivated a spirit of poetry under what Mark Tapley would admit to be highly creditable circumstances. He has done himself an injustice in placing the flippant word-catching "Monologue in a Studio" in the front of the volume; but those who go further on will find something much better. Mr. Evans writes with a light facile touch, which is sometimes too light and not always under due control, but the general effect, if not very impressive, is usually interesting and agreeable. He has a good eye for colour, as may be seen in "Arnaud de Mervell." On the whole, Mr. Evans's poems remind one somewhat of Ingoldsby, only in a graver and more tender tone.

Posthumous poems naturally appeal to the critic's tenderness. They are usually published rather as a memorial of affection than as a claim to the world's praise, and it is impossible not to sympathize with the feelings which sanctify for friends what to others might seem trivial and commonplace. It must be acknowledged, however, in the case of Miss Shute's pieces†, that a number of them are good enough to deserve publication on their own account. They do not show much power or originality, but they are marked by a melodious simplicity and earnestness which is not without its charm.

Mr. Hoole's verses‡ can hardly be said to rise above the ordinary level of the academical muse. They indicate a certain degree of taste and culture, but without the very faintest trace of poetical inspiration.

Our first impression of *Arven*§, on just looking at it, was that there was certainly a good deal of it, and our second, after reading some of it, that there was a great deal too much. On the whole, a young poet had better make a start with something less formidable than an epic poem filling five hundred pretty closely printed pages. A note at the beginning informs us that "The Story of a Sword is supposed to be told by an ancient Bard," but it is quite incredible that in any age a bard could have found an audience capable of enduring his drowsy and interminable wanderings to the end, or indeed, we should be disposed to say, for more than perhaps ten minutes. It is not that *Arven* is very badly written. Mr. Todd has yet to acquire practice in blank verse, for he is at present evidently labouring under the beginner's usual difficulty, that of finding words to fill out the inexorable measure of the lines. His plan—and it is of the simple, ingenuous kind which probably indicates his age and recent schooldays—is just to multiply his adjectives without regard to tautology, to stick in superfluous little words, and to insist upon the "eds" of his participles being pronounced in full. Such expedients as "all undisturbed," "wind-footed stag," "man-titled plains," "black, brine-cleaving ships," "ocean-girdled isle," "fierce helmeted heads and orbéd iron shields," and, above all, such a sentence as the opening one:—

The chiefs had met in the high palace hall,  
For the great King held regal feast that night.

sufficiently betray the poverty and inexperience of his muse. Still the fault of the poem lies not so much in its style as in its emptiness and want of life. It is all mere words, and it is kept going on for page after page, and canto after canto, in a dull, smooth, lumbering way which is not altogether unpleasant, though it is impossible to give it continuous attention. Any twenty lines read almost exactly like any other twenty lines; there is the same sort of names, the same weak luxuriance of words and absence of ideas, the same heavy wave of pompous verbosity; it is indeed flat throughout, with nothing standing out, nothing that remains for a moment on the mind. It is, in fact, just the sort of book to lull a wakeful man off to sleep. There is not the least chance of being excited, and it is equally dozy all through. We gather that Arvan, a Scandinavian king, was too fond of fighting, and ruined his people, like Napoleon, by incessant wars, till at last he was put down by the Holy Alliance of the period. *Arven* may be described as one of those versified narratives which might go on for ever.

Miss Tytler||, who some time ago wrote a popular sketch of the history of painting, has now undertaken to do the same for the history of music. She is, we should say, somewhat deficient in the technical knowledge requisite for such a task, but she has at least produced a readable enough book, which may be taken for what it is worth. We should not recommend it "for the use of schools and students in music," as the title-page puts it, because information in such a case should be exact and authoritative; but as gossip it is certainly interesting and amusing.

Mr. Henry Neville, the well-known melodramatic actor, has reproduced in an amplified form a lecture on the stage which he delivered a few years ago at a meeting of a Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts¶. His object is, he says, to vindicate "the respectability of the profession of an actor, with the

view of counteracting the popular prejudices, which to a certain extent, damage his social position, and of pointing out some of the main causes of those prejudices, as bigotry, and the neglect of the drama by the British Government, which takes all other arts under its powerful patronage, but leaves the stage to the precarious fortune of an isolated dependence, and the vague caprices of public opinion and public taste." Mr. Neville is no doubt sincere in his regret that the conditions under which the drama has to make its way in this country should compel him, as a manager, to produce translations of clap-trap French rubbish such as the *Two Orphans*; but his remedy for the evil is not very promising. He holds that there ought to be a Royal Academy of actors as well as a Royal Academy of painters; but observing the degradation of art for commercial reasons which has been brought about by the former, and of which we have such melancholy proofs in the present Exhibition, there seems to be little reason to hope much from a similar experiment in regard to the drama. As to the social position of actors and actresses, it rests in a great measure with themselves to determine by their own personal character and conduct on what terms they will be received by other people. As a body, however, they are necessarily discredited by the vile associations to which they are exposed in appearing on the stage; and it is for the profession itself to take steps to secure its own purification.

People who go to Social Science Congresses find it dull work to sit through the reading of the innumerable prosy essays and sermons which compose the bulk of the proceedings; yet there are usually one or two papers which are better than the rest, and some grains of useful information may be discovered amid the general rubbish. It is this which gives a value to the published Transactions of the Association.\* When you have the volume before you, you are not tied to any particular speeches, and can easily sift the wheat from the chaff. Lord Rosebery's Presidential Address at Glasgow was a particularly good one, and the proceedings also contain an admirable practical lecture on Health by Dr. Lyon Playfair, and a sermon, such as it is, by Dr. Caird.

Under the title of *Problems of Faith*† we have a series of lectures to young men delivered at the Presbyterian College in London by the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Wall, and others, dealing with some of the theological difficulties of the day. Their tone and quality may be readily imagined.

A new Guide to London at the present day may seem at first sight rather a work of supererogation, yet there is certainly room for the *Golden Guide*‡ which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have just issued. It is compact, handy, and clearly printed, and its information, concise, yet sufficient, is brought down to the latest date. The volume, though of a size convenient for the pocket, contains a map, plans, and a number of superior woodcut illustrations, and may well serve not only as a companion, but as a memorial, of a visit to the great city.

A second and enlarged edition has been issued of *The Englishman's Guide Book to the United States and Canada*§. It is a portable volume; but the mistake is made of reducing the size of the type in order to waste space on bad woodcuts. The compiler states that he has himself travelled over all the route described, and has given the results of his actual experience; but we very much doubt his assertion that the cost of travelling in the United States is "much less than in the parts of Western Europe usually frequented by English tourists." In some respects this may be the case; but on the whole an American journey is an exceedingly expensive recreation and a very doubtful one. If an Englishman could adapt himself to American habits, he might perhaps find his hotel bill less, but then he would also find his nerves and digestive system hopelessly deranged for the rest of his life. The unwholesome, sloppy food, and the crush and haste of the *table-d'hôte*, especially when combined with the fatigue and excitement of trying to see a great deal in a short time, have a very bad effect on tourists; and most people who go to America come back miserably dyspeptic. Those who can afford to travel leisurely and to secure special accommodation have of course to pay for it. A visit to America is, no doubt, very interesting and instructive in many ways, but an ordinary tourist must not expect to find it pleasant. The annual rush to Europe shows that the Americans themselves find it much cheaper and more comfortable to travel anywhere than at home.

Mr. Norman has drawn up a neat little handbook of drill for elementary schools, for boys or girls, or both together||, in which the regular military drill is simplified and adapted for school use, and special exercises suggested for young people. It has already gone through eight editions, and appears to be a practical and useful annual. It is illustrated with explanatory plates.

Captain Hayes has brought out a second edition of his work on the training and management of horses in India¶. It is of course specially adapted to the circumstances of that country; but the general instructions which it contains, and which are of a shrewd

\* *In the Studio*. A Decade of Poems. By Sebastian Evans. Macmillan.

† *Posthumous Poems*. By Anna Clara Shute. Chapman & Hall.

‡ *Poems and Translations*. By Charles H. Hoole. Oxford: Shrimpton.

§ *Arven; or, the Story of the Sæord*. A Poem. By Herbert Todd, M.A. King & Co.

|| *Musical Composers and their Works*. By Sarah Tytler. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

¶ *The Stage; its Past and Present in Relation to Fine Art*. By Henry Neville. Bentley & Son.

\* *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*. Glasgow Meeting, 1874. Longmans & Co.

† *Problems of Faith*. With a Preface by Rev. J. Oswald Dyke. Hodder & Stoughton.

‡ *The Golden Guide to London*. S. Low & Co.

§ *The Englishman's Illustrated Guide Book to the United States and Canada*. Longmans & Co.

|| *The Schoolmaster's Drill Assistant*. By Commander Norman, R.A. Bemrose & Sons.

¶ *A Guide to Training and Horse Management in India*. By M. H. Hayes. Second Edition. Calcutta: T. S. Smith.

and practical character, render it a useful guide in regard to horses anywhere.

Mr. Morris has reprinted from the *Swindon Advertiser* a series of letters describing a tour to Canada and the United States which he took in 1874.\* He appears to have gone about industriously, but he has little to tell that is not already familiar to most people, and his style is somewhat rough.

*Pyra*† is an account of an imaginary commune under the ice, somewhat in the style of *Erehwon* and Lord Lytton's *Coming Race*. There is not much in the story, but it affords the writer an opportunity of illustrating some of his social theories.

There is nothing which people are usually so hazy about as the events of their own time which have not yet taken the form of digested history. Vague impressions remain, but it is often difficult to get at the precise facts. Hence the value of Mr. Irving's brief and pithy *Annals of Our Time*, to which a supplement has just been published‡, bringing it down to March 1874. It is not only a most useful work of reference, but is amusing to dip into for the recollections which it refreshes.

At the present moment a work explaining the rules and usages of the Stock Exchange naturally possesses an especial interest, and Mr. Royle's digest of the subject can be recommended to those who wish to make themselves acquainted with it. On one point Mr. Royle makes a significant remark. "It must not be assumed," he says, "that all the rules of the Stock Exchange are legal," and he quotes one or two instances in which that body has attempted to set itself above the law, as, for instance, "No. 61. No member shall attempt to enforce by law a claim arising out of Stock Exchange transactions against a member or defaulter, or against the principal of a member or defaulter, without the consent of such member"; No. 62. "No member shall be obliged to pay a non-member for any securities bought in the Stock Exchange"; and No. 156, that persons who are not members of the Stock Exchange must obtain the consent of the Stock Exchange members before being allowed to participate in a defaulting stockbroker's assets; and No. 163, setting aside the ordinary bankruptcy jurisdiction in favour of a private arrangement.

Dr. J. W. Smith's handy books || on various branches of what may be called popular law, that is, law bearing on the common everyday transactions and relations of life, have already had their thoroughness tested by a large circulation.

Mr. Cavanagh discusses what is called the land question¶, which here relates only to the legal forms employed in the transfer of land, in the form of an imaginary correspondence between John Doe and Richard Roe; but the fun, as might be expected, is somewhat ponderous.

Mr. Burbidge has published a handsomely illustrated volume in honour of the daffodil, or narcissus.\*\* It is a hardy bulb, and presents in its blossoms, as may be seen from the numerous coloured plates, a charming variety of form and hue; and Mr. Burbidge, who is very enthusiastic as to the brilliant effects of a daffodil garden, wonders that the plant is not more popular. Possibly its highly narcotic character, which makes the odour unpleasant to delicate persons, may have created some degree of prejudice against it; but it has, at least, always been a great favourite with the poets, to whom the writer of this work appeals in support of his case. The volume also contains a review of the genus, by Mr. Baker of Kew.

\* *Letters Sent Home.—Canada and the United States.* By W. Morris. Warne & Co.

† *Pyra: a Commune; or, Under the Ice.* Bickers & Son.

‡ *Supplement to the Annals of Our Time.* By Joseph Irving. Macmillan.

§ *The Laws relating to English and Foreign Funds, Shares, and Securities.* By W. Royle, Solicitor. Effingham Wilson.

|| *A Handy Book on the Law of Private Trading Partnership.* By J. W. Smith, LL.D. Also, by the same, *Handy Books on the Law of Banking, and of the Law of Employer and Employed.* Effingham Wilson.

¶ *The Great Land Question.* By Christopher Cavanagh. Stevens & Hayes.

\*\* *The Narcissus; its History and Culture.* By F. W. Burbidge. With a Scientific Review of the entire Genus, by J. G. Baker. Reeve & Co.

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